



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE protest entered by General Gordon's sister against the building of a secular college at Khartoum to commemorate her brother, might have been expected. By common consent all phases of Gordon's character have been erased and forgotten, save only that which fits him for a place in pious literature. Why should not the college commemorative of this soldier who was great because of his piety, be a missionary institution for the teaching of the Scriptures to the heathen? Gordon's sister and a great many other sisters cannot understand the idea of establishing a secular college in the midst of heathendom. They desire to see, carried into Khartoum, the open Bible. The canon of the Sirdar having mowed down the "fanatics" by tens of thousands, the conqueror has entered Khartoum, and now there are those who would seize this moment to offer to the trampled, sore and vengeful children of Mahomet our open Bible. Those who could expect results from such conditions need scarcely require that the Scriptures be translated into the language of a heathen people—they might confidently hold up the Book on a bayonet's point and await a miracle of belief from the mere seeing of its covers. Men of the world who believe that human nature is very much the same everywhere might suppose that Christianity would be slow to identify itself with the battle of Omdurman, and cautious about adopting as its own all that occurred there. It might be thought that Christianity would hesitate to introduce itself to the Sudan in the guise of Slaughter, and might better wait until the Christian conqueror had ceased killing and had begun to show those superior virtues that inseparably belong to and distinguish his divine creed, before attempting to introduce that creed. It is difficult to get another person's point of view, but I think nothing could be more pitiful than to hear people piously talking of at once erecting a Bethel out of the skulls of the Mohammedans slain at Omdurman, as if we were still the chosen ones of Israel going out under King Saul to destroy the Amalekites, root and branch—as if we were directly commanded of heaven to go out and shed this blood. It is a strange thing that it is not religious sentiment, but worldly sense, that sees the incongruity and unwisdom of crowding our religion upon the broken but still infuriated Sudanese while the stench from the great butchering still fills the air.

By all our inbred convictions and prejudices we are constrained to believe that the conquest of the Sudan is for the ultimate good of the human family, but all the inbred convictions and prejudices of the conquered people tell them that it is a terrible racial and religious disaster. Any early attempt to overthrow their prophet would cause them in half-dozen or in tens of thousands to embrace death gladly for their faith—for they die devotedly, these "fanatics," and think it worth while to strike a blow or two before they go down. We applaud the Armenians, who perish under Moslem barbarities, or live to take up collections in Canada, but no Armenian or other Christian was ever more devout or devoted, or more freely prepared to be martyred for faith, than are these Mahdists. If anything is ever to be accomplished with them, it seems, then, apparent, that Christianity must approach them gently and not behind murderous guns. To overthrow their prophet at the same time is another thing and impossible. The superiority of our religion must be exemplified in their presence by the lives of our people who dwell among them; so far they have but discovered the superiority of our artillery over their spears. If possible the conditions should be avoided which, according to the Emperor of Germany, prevail at Jerusalem, where the contending denominational factions of Christians move the contempt and ridicule of Mohammedans. "This," says the Kaiser, as becomes a man of action, "should be stopped, even by force."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY in speaking at the peace jubilee in Atlanta, Georgia, made a most profound impression when he spoke of the disappearance of all sectional feeling and declared that "The time has now come, in the evolution of sentiment and feeling under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers." The bitterest of the Northern newspapers applaud President McKinley's suggestion, and the newspapers of the South have received it in nearly every instance with enthusiasm, which proves that the sectional feeling which so widely separated the North from the South has been largely obliterated. The New York Telegram speaks of this "indissoluble tie of love and patriotism" as "one of the most precious fruits of the war." Further on President McKinley said:

"Sectional lines no longer mar the map of the United States. Sectional feeling no longer holds back the love we bear each other. Fraternity is the national anthem, sung by a chorus of forty-five States and our territories at home and beyond the seas. The Union is once more the common atlas of our love and loyalty, our devotion and sacrifice. The old flag again waves over us in peace with new glories, which your sons and ours have this year added to its sacred folds."

Passing from this jubilation the same newspaper betrays the spirit in which it looks upon the expansion of the United States: It is clear that the eastern districts of Cuba have entered on a new era of prosperity, under the benign rule of the United States. The same will be true of the western districts also when the Spanish troops shall have embarked and the country falls into our hands.

The expression "falls into our hands" is a good one, considering the philanthropic professions of the United States when it entered into the war.

President McKinley has evidently been driven into the extreme end of the expansionists. It is well known that he personally opposed the war, and no one can doubt that in his best judgment he still believes that the war was a mistake, and that retaining the conquered islands will prove to be a great mistake. But he has been driven by the yellow newspapers, the untimely mob, the military spirit, and the large and selfish interests which will benefit by an expansion of territory, into the following rather flamboyant declaration:

"That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw it from the people over whom it floats in protecting folds? Who will haul it down?" And now in order to place both political parties in such a position that they cannot oppose the "empire" idea, the President has demanded, "Who shall haul the flag down?" Rather stirring neighbors, these of ours! It is perhaps just as well for us that we live under a flag of which we also can say, "Who shall haul it down?"

THE other day a wholesale manufacturer informed me that two years ago he did not keep a traveler in Toronto at all, and did not carry a single account in the city outside of the big departmental stores, whereas this year his travelers do a big business in the city, he carries over sixty accounts, only two of which have been bad ones, and those for small amounts. He declares that the change in two years in Toronto has been almost phenomenal. In 1896 it looked as if the departmental stores would soon acquire an absolute monopoly of the retail trade of the city in all its branches, while now that danger seems to have passed and trade to have settled down along certain lines. In the city, to the north, east and west, a better class of stores than formerly now cater to the local trade, and the owners of these shops, thoroughly aroused, have become careful and keen buyers, sell almost entirely for cash, and therefore can compete closely with the departmental store prices. To tell the honest truth also, these now successful local stores are not as particular as

they once were about the quality of the goods they sell. In the old days these storekeepers felt personally responsible to their customers for the quality of the goods sold, but they have now learned that the mass of people enquire only the price and examine the appearance of the purchases. Absolved from personal responsibility, required only to sell at cheap prices, these local dealers are also able to give bargains. The secret of bargaining is no longer the property of big establishments, and the shopper who wants a glittering sham is no longer compelled to go down town for it. By a process of natural development the thing has spread, and the result already is—or soon will be—that the departmental stores will possess no advantage over the little store on the corner, only that the shopper can, under one roof, purchase the various things that may be needed. In competition with other stores this advantage, such as it is, may be permanent. Over outlying stores the departmental has the advantage of

stood, then, that half a hundred Toronto clergymen, whose congregations have been contributing funds for years to maintain Mr. Jenanyan and his mission in Asia Minor, concluded that it was not worth while to find out whether his orphanage really existed, and whether he had been for years sending in "false" reports of his work and putting to personal and other unauthorized uses, moneys sent him from Toronto, as charged by his one-time assistant, Rev. Mr. McLachlan? "Not proven." What does that mean and where does it leave Mr. Jenanyan and his accusers, and the people to whom he will appeal for further contributions? If not on these clergymen, on whom, then, rests the duty of ascertaining the truth about that mission? As the matter stands now Mr. Jenanyan seems likely to be welcomed as one of the anointed by one congregation in Toronto, and treated as an impostor in the next, just as people may guess at his character through this ambiguous finding of this



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Drawn by J. Ferguson Kyle.

a central location, which gives volume, but not necessarily profit, to business. In the central parts, however, single line dealers, spurred by the necessity of self-preservation, have developed into specialists, until to-day we have shops exclusively engaged in one line of trade—jewelry, or groceries, or footwear, or haberdashery, or furs, or hardware, or furniture—with which the respective branches of a big, labyrinthine, unwieldy departmental store cannot bear comparison at all in point of taste and excellence. In charge of one is the specialist himself with all his experience, and his present and future reputation to consider; in charge of the other is a clerk perplexed forever with the task of feeding and clothing himself on his meagre salary.

THE church trial in Toronto this week of the charges made against Rev. Mr. Jenanyan, the Armenian missionary, has no doubt provoked a vast amount of astonishment in many quarters. From travelers in the East I have heard strange stories about some of the missions, and how really insignificant when examined on the spot are some of the undertakings that sound big enough when heard of in Toronto, but I have never written of these things. But in this case the accusers are themselves clergymen and returned missionaries. Two—or was it three—of those workers who joined Mr. Jenanyan in his vineyard in Asia Minor, claim to have resigned because they could not identify themselves with what they called his "deceptions" and misrepresentations. They charge that in resigning, each in his turn wrote home fully setting forth the irregularities of the mission, yet these letters were not made public, nor was the flow of moneys to the mission lessened.

The most astonishing feature of the whole thing, however, was the investigation held in Toronto, when a large number of our leading clergymen met together and spent several days in hearing evidence and in debating angrily, and finally adopted a long resolution drawn up by Rev. Principal Caven, which, as he himself declared, meant simply "not proven." Is it to be under-

irresponsible court that sat upon his case. If a big manufacturing concern like the Massey-Harris Company received charges against the veracity and honesty of its chief agent in Asia Minor, there would be no verdict of "not proven" entered in the books of the company, but a shrewd inspector would be sent to the spot to examine his entire transactions and either depose the man or establish him beyond suspicion. Is character of less consequence in Christian missionary work than in foreign trade in agricultural implements?

Before turning to quite another kind of topic I may say that a correspondent, signing himself "Fair Play," has sent me some newspaper clippings with a request that I comment upon the uncharitableness of Rev. Dr. Milligan's references to Rev. Mr. McCaughan. Whatever his brethren of the Presbyterian clergy may choose to say of Rev. W. J. McCaughan, I am afraid that I could not offer more than a very half-hearted defence of him, as his coming to Toronto and his going away were both so swift and sensational. If he needs a defender he must find one in some person who understands him either less or more than myself. Where a man of the world is concerned we know that his aim in life is worldly success, and that he seeks fame and fortune where these are most likely to be found. Two years ago a clever young medical doctor came to Toronto from Dublin, intending to establish himself here as a specialist; a year ago he removed to the United States, having found, as he thought, a better field there. We are at no loss to understand the conduct of this medical doctor; he is frankly in pursuit of fame and wealth. Rev. W. J. McCaughan also came here from Ireland, and also has gone to the United States; but if Rev. Dr. Milligan or any other man suggests that he was moved by the same considerations as the medical doctor, whom we have left to pin our faith to? In the Presbyterian church—it is unnecessary to remind Dr. Milligan of this—clergymen find their fields through the medium of "calls," which are made the subject of prayer by both people and pastor, and Rev. W. J.

McCaughan was regularly called to Chicago. My correspondent points out that Dr. Milligan, according to the *Globe*, used the words: "It is the chance of my life," as McCaughan said when he got a chance to go to Chicago." This apparently suggests that Mr. McCaughan candidly admitted worldly considerations. This phrase was not his, though used in his telegram from New York, and the sense of the message is scarcely open to the construction put upon it. The message read as follows:

Have seen Dr. Kitchener. He thinks I ought to go, that it is the chance of a lifetime; that it would be a very serious matter to refuse what he thinks is a providential call. I am afraid to refuse myself, although my inclinations attach me to St. Andrew's. My work there must be done, and there is some other man somewhere who will be sent you, able to do the work better than I have done, or ever can do.

MR. W. S. HERRINGTON of Nananee, acting Crown Attorney, has written me a letter denying the truth of the despatch from Kingston to the daily papers—on which I commented last week—to the effect that a Pinkerton man had interviewed Mackie in the penitentiary. Mr. Herrington states that Inspector O'Dowd is not a Pinkerton man, but an officer at Manchester; that he did not see Mackie in the penitentiary and has not been in Canada since last July; that no one on behalf of the prosecution has visited Mackie; that no one could visit him in the penitentiary with a view of getting a statement from him, without the permission of the Minister of Justice. It seems clear enough that that newspaper despatch was without foundation. It may be remarked that Mr. Herrington in saying that the permission of the Minister of Justice would be necessary, uses the word "statement" in its legal significance, and not, perhaps, as meaning "conversation" or "interview." In our penitentiaries convicts are not kept in solitary confinement and wholly cut off from mankind; but it will reassure the public to know that the Pinkertons are not acting in any way for the Crown, nor meddling in its case. A statement regarding the Ponton defence fund appears on page 4 of this paper.

THE International High Commission has concluded its labors for the present at Washington, and most of us were quite startled to read the despatch that appeared in so good a Government organ as the *Montreal Herald*, stating that among the points already settled was an agreement whereby Canada relinquished her claims in the Behring Sea for the sum of \$900,000 and conceded to the United States the right to use our canals to convey to the ocean war vessels built on the lakes, provided that these vessels are not armed until they reach the United States seaboard. The *Montreal Herald*, as much as any paper can be, is in the confidence of our Government and friendly to it, and it will naturally be presumed that its despatch was based on some reliable information as to what the Commission has done or contemplates doing. It will be presumed, also, that the *Herald* has made as good a showing as possible for its friends, yet the best that it claims for Canada is that our coal is to have free access to the markets of the United States. Some day this may be of importance to the coal trade of British Columbia and the eastern provinces, but to-day it is of minor importance to Canada as a whole. Against this indefinite advantage we must, according to the newspaper reports, recognize the fact that two great concessions have been made by us. We have been very stubborn in the assertion of our rights in the Behring Sea, and now, to please somebody, we appear to have sold out for a song, though to those who know the facts the price may be all the thing is worth. The canals, that we have built at an expense of millions of dollars, are, it seems, to be placed at the disposal of the United States so that that people may, on the inland lakes, build up navy yards under our very windows, and have there gun-boats to no limit that could be armed on short notice, and thus hold us so that we dare not move a finger in the event of a rupture of this new Anglo-Saxon friendship. To-day on the shores of these inland lakes their people and ours alike make gain out of peace and trade intercourse; to-morrow, if this thing be true, there will be large ship-building industries, employing armies of men whose livelihood and gains will lie in the direction of war rather than of peace—their thoughts and conversation will be of war and its implements. In times of long protracted peace their trade will languish; at the rumor of war the furnaces will blaze night and day, and the pay-rolls will swell. The relations of the neighboring peoples will be tried in new ways altogether. Already there are large shipbuilding industries at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and other places, and these could quickly turn to the work of creating fighting vessels. At Cleveland, particularly, they already build steamers as large and handsome as ocean greyhounds. Of course it may be said that even now in the event of war between the Empire and the Republic, the navy yards already existing could speedily convert the big lake steamers that originally came from Cleveland into effective fighting machines, and that thus our cities along the lake fronts would be in danger enough. Certainly the most comfortable thing for us is peace. It is, however, very doubtful wisdom to build too securely upon a friendship that is so very new as that which the United States professes for England, and for us to throw open our canals to build up a trade in war vessels on lakes from which by treaty war vessels have been excluded for eighty years, is apparently unwise.

Notwithstanding the source of these alleged particulars of the points already agreed upon, I prefer to believe that nothing of the kind has been consented to by the Canadian Commissioners. No commensurate advantage to us is mentioned as having been conceded, and in the whole range of our necessities what is there that would repay us for the relinquishment of any fragment of our safety and the surrender of anything so vital and valuable as the preservation of our own canals to the exclusive purposes of peace. It is not likely that the Canadian Government would assent to anything against which public opinion appears to be so solidly set. If, however, the *Montreal Herald* is merely soliciting public opinion, it is not likely that any misapprehension can long exist.

THE man or the woman who merely indulges in Christmas giving to the extent of swapping presents with his or her relatives, entirely misses the real inwardness of the institution. In this system of exchange there is room for no real benevolence, for if A gives this year to B, a very fine present, then next year B strives to return something equally handsome. If A drops to something very cheap, next year B returns something equally cheap. This see-saw is kept up endlessly, and no real benefit is conferred on either party. They have smoked cigars that did not suit them; they have received cigar-holders that they never use, boxes, bags and all kinds of things that were supposed to be useful for something, but they forget what it was. They have been buying for others the things they do not want. It would be untrue to say that they get no pleasure and give none, but they certainly force their pleasures along the paths of routine, and really miss that which is best in it all. One hundred dollars may be spent in buying presents for people who are really in need of nothing, and yet more pleasure may be given and more received by the spending of one dollar upon people who expect nothing and are in real need. Those who do not forget the poor are the ones who can sit down to a Christmas dinner in full enjoyment, and express real and not sham sentiments—these can accept in proper spirit the presents received as marks of affection from their friends. For one day in the year—the day before Christmas—people might hold that no beggar is an impostor and that all children are their own.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club Ball.



ALL of the anticipations which were indulged in by the social and sporting magnates, the society men and women, the fluttering debutantes, and the stranger within our gates, fell short of the splendid fulfillment of the Yacht Club ball. It was a brilliant and a beautiful dance, about which so much has already been said and written that there seems nothing for the saying left but Amen. The Pavilion, as it awaited its occupants at half past eight, was a great beautiful palace decked for the very fairies, reminiscent in coloring of the Victorian Era ball, for there was much white and rosy pink and festoons of green everywhere, and here and there aloft were crimson and gold coronets, and away up high over the proscenium arch was a small drapery that looked like a scrap of bombazine mourning goods, but was really a bit of the Elliott tartan, the dark rich tartan of the family whose representative member holds Her Britannic Majesty's highest gift this side of the seas. The entwined M's on the shield, and the various nautical designs plentifully adorning the walls of the dais, the facade of the gallery *vis a vis*, and the temporary ceiling of white, indicated the guest of honor and his enthusiastic hosts.

The plan of decoration as described in these columns a fortnight ago was perfectly carried out. The electrolights shed soft radiance over the expanse of perfectly polished floor. All was empty, quiet, beautiful, where fifteen minutes later men and maids were pouring in, and a babel of voices rose and fell. How they came, in all the fire-hood of their new gowns and shining *coiffures* and fair, sweet faces, and the dashing scarlet of the Grens., the tartan of the Highlanders, the trim, natty rifle-green of the Queen's Own, or the red and gold of the Regulars, those smart and dashing fellows from Stanley Barracks; the blue and silver of the Body Guard, and, best of all for a cool time in the dance, the navy-blue of the yachtsmen. The Hunt Club pink had one picturesque wearer, whose dark hair and eyes were well set off by the bright scarlet evening coat. As for the gowns of the women, they were the finest, taken as a whole, that have been worn in Toronto for many years. Surely good times have come again once more, when we can admire hundreds of sumptuous, expensive and artistic dresses on fair Canadian forms, as we did the evening of the last great ball.

The extras were danced, the hands of the clock pointed to ten, when the great compelling strains of the Anthem which brings all England and Canada to their feet, pealed through the ball-room, and men and women fell back from the door-way, and an aisle was quickly formed through the crowd for the distinguished guests, whom we all wanted to see. On all sides whispers were heard—"Are they not a handsome pair? The tall lady? Mrs. Drummond. Such a nice English woman. Doesn't Lady Minto look like the Princess of Wales? All in white gowns, too! That is Lady Sybil Beaclere; what lovely lace! And the aides are stunning big fellows, are they not?" So the comment and the criticism were whispered about as the brilliant party with their hosts were watched in their progress across the floor. And presently there came presentations and some kind and gracious words from the gentleman and lady who can be condescending, as their station exacts, without being patronizing, which no station justifies. And there were smiles and nods from one to another of old-timers, who know what's what, and the soft brown eyes of the Countess looked very gently and sweetly on one and all, and His Excellency handed Mrs. Emilius Jarvis down the steps with a gallant air, and the opening Lancers, including ten couples, were formed. Lady Minto danced with Commodore Jarvis, the Premier with Mrs. Gooderham, Rear Commodore Gooderham with Mrs. Hardy, Mr. F. J. Ricard Seaver with Mrs. Drummond, Colonel Otter with Lady Sybil Beaclere, Vice-Commodore Plummer with Miss Mowat, Quartermaster-General Foster with Mrs. Plummer, Mr. E. B. Osler with Mrs. James Mason, and Colonel Mason with Mrs. Osler. Next to the Vice-Regal set, which was a maze of rich fabrics, bright colors, flashing diamonds and general effulgence, was a charming little set wherein one could recognize the debutantes from different quarters of the city, who went through their figures with grave earnestness and correctness, much in contrast to their exalted neighbors, who got gloriously mixed up and were in gales of fun over their mistakes between the English and Canadian way of getting through. In the galleries, which were trimmed and draped and festooned like a lot of idealized theater loges, were many guests who would not dance, so anxious were they to study the charming scene and taste the first flavor of the ball as spectators. On all sides was freely expressed enthusiasm over the whole affair, and Mr. Ricard Seaver, as he demurely piloted his tall, handsome partner through the Canadian Lancers, was the target of many compliments on his exquisite taste and thoroughly artistic scheme of decorations. One could see a flash of diamonds, a knot of pink roses, and a gleam of white satin and pearls as the first lady in the land swept smilingly by, and a gleam of white and silver and a touch of turquoise, a tall figure, well held, and a queenly head, as Mrs. Drummond marched after her. Mrs. Hardy was in blue, a dainty pale brocade, a new experiment in color, which proved most becoming; Mrs. Jarvis also wore blue-satin with lace and roses; Mrs. Plummer wore heliotrope brocade, with violet velvet; Mrs. Mason wore green *fille*, with velvet and point lace; Mrs. Osler wore yellow brocade and violets; Mrs. Gooderham, fawn brocade trimmed with pink; Miss Mowat wore delicate pink satin with pearl trimmings and fine lace; Lady Sybil Beaclere wore white satin, with corsage posie of violets, and quaint scarves and sleeves of beautiful old lace. Many fine jewels gleamed as these ladies threaded the opening measure. Some of the most *chic* gowns came from our little sister city under the mountain. Miss Hendrie was in blue silk and lace insertions, with holly leaves and berries, and a black bird on her right shoulder. She brings with her, after her long sojourn abroad, *l'air Parisienne* in perfection. Miss Maude Hendrie was in pink satin, with *jupon* of white satin. Mrs. Frank Mackelton wore a French white brocade with *choix* of yellow; Miss Agnes Dunlop wore pale pink brocade; Miss Brown was in white satin, and was, with her big brother, much welcomed.

Among the most distinctive gowns worn by Toronto guests was Mrs. Merritt's orange yellow silk with black lace flounces; Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne's pink satin, in which she was a picture; Mrs. G. W. Allan's black velvet gown, with *fiche berth* of fine lace drawn over her lovely shoulders; Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann's Paris gown of white *chiffon* over satin, a most dainty frock, with a spray of French roses on the corsage; and a stunning deep cerise satin, opening over a petticoat of white *chiffon* and lace, and embroidered in silver with long sleeves of silver spangled lace, worn with much grace by Miss Hees. Of white satin gowns there were dozens, each rivaling its neighbor in lustre or garniture. Mrs. James Carruthers had a lovely one with yards of splendid point lace, and her daughter-in-law-elect, Miss Wright of Port Huron, was very beautiful in the same rich material, handsomely embroidered. Mrs. Somerville was in white satin with lace and crimson roses; Mrs. Victor Cawthra was also in the lustrous fabric with tiny ribbons for trimming; Mrs. D. A. Rose was very smart in cream satin with blue and gold embroideries and pearls; Miss Mollie Plummer also wore white satin. Those two handsome young matrons, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig, were much admired. Mrs. Reed in pink and Mrs. Craig in black with turquoise; Mrs. Suydam, in an elegant white satin embroidered in silver, chaperoned Miss Paxton and Miss Whitaker of Toledo; Mrs. Scott brought her little daughter, Miss Loretta, who was a fairy queen in a white satin and silver dress; Mrs. Clarkson chaperoned her debutante daughter, Miss Nina, who carried a great bouquet of white roses, ordered from the far North-West by a proud uncle, to grace her first large ball.

Here and there were rival belles, glancing surreptitiously at one another, as men scanned their programmes and wrote their names thereon. A very pretty figure was Miss End Wornum, in white satin, with a tiny brocade figure; Miss Seymour, all in rose color; Miss Augusta Hodgins, in blue satin; Miss Louise

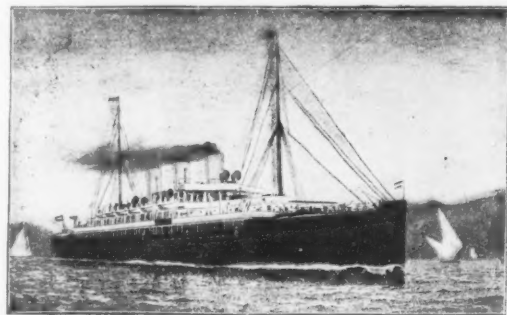
Janes, very dainty in shell pink; Miss Cawthra of Yendon Hall, in white satin and *chiffon*; Miss Maude Givins, in black and silver; Miss Waldie, in white; Miss Dwight, in sheer white over cerise silk; Miss Prairie, in white; Miss Josie Sheppard, in cream silk; Miss Geary, in pink; the Misses Monahan, in white, Miss Daisy making her debut; Miss Jessie Rowand wore a lovely gown of white satin, embroidered with baby ribbon, and carried a splendid bouquet of American Beauty roses; Miss George wore pink satin and lace; Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, white silk touched with crimson; Miss Evelyn Cox had a beautiful gown of pink, brocade, trimmed with French roses; Miss Ella Matheson made her debut in a dainty white frock; Miss Scott of Parkdale wore white with much filmy lace and ribbon; Miss Buck's dainty little figure was gowned in pale pink satin; Miss Bessie Macdonald was in white and cerise, with a smart cerise and white *coiffure* ornament; Miss Hoskins wore pale blue satin; Miss Inez Mitchell, a lovely gauzy pink frock with *bebe* ribbons; Miss Roy made her debut in white; Miss Somerville wore pink; Miss Douglas was in white; Miss Sasha Young, in pale blue brocade, turquoise and diamond jewels; Miss Kirkpatrick wore black, relieved with turquoise; Miss Mulock wore a becoming gown of blue with fine lace; Miss Hedley wore black satin and turquoise; Miss Melvin-Jones, white with silver trimmings.

Many young matrons were very handsomely gowned and among those who looked well were: Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. Hawke, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. King, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Dewart, Mrs. May, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. McDowall Thompson, Mrs. George Lindsay, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Hume Blake. Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore black velvet; Mrs. Cosby, white and gray brocade; Mrs. Dominic Brown, yellow touched with garnet; Mrs. Perceval Ridout, a very handsome brocade; Mrs. Waldie, pale gray with rose pink velvet; Mrs. Fred Capon, an exquisite white gauze, embroidered with silver paillettes; Mrs. Mulock wore black satin and lace with jet; Mrs. Shaw was in black brocade, relieved with white; Mrs. Dunnet wore black velvet and point lace, *coiffure a la Pompadour*; Mrs. Frederick Mowat wore black with jet trimmings. About eleven o'clock the Vice-Regal party went to supper, and were seated at a round table beautifully decorated and excellently served by Albert Williams. Sailor Brownies, which were condescended as souvenirs, were in the boats full of bonbons moored here and there. The guests went in to detachments, and were seated by half-dozen at the many small tables, where an army of waiters attended to their wants. The music at this great festivity was incomparable and many words of delight were heard in reference thereto. A squad from the ranks of the R.C. Dragoons were on hand in the ball-room and did their best to keep the dancers from encroaching on the promenade. Carriages were still rolling from the doors as the town clocks struck four.

The Mediterranean for Winter.

A LETTER just received, respecting an artist who is held in affectionate regard by all the city, tells how the invalid who had sought the sunny climes of Italy by the direct Mediterranean steamer from New York, "has enjoyed a most excellent passage and was enabled to sit out on deck every day and felt great benefit from the bracing sea air."

It is testimony such as this which brings to mind that we have within easy reach a route whereon the cold blast of our northern clime can at once be exchanged for a summer voyage



S.S. Auguste Victoria.

and the mid-winter summer holiday be commenced and enjoyed long before the Algerian or Italian shores of our contemplated place of sojourn are arrived at.

Each year improvements have been made to meet the demand of the travelers who, abandoning the older and northern routes, with their long rail journeys across England and the Continent, are increasingly seeking this southern route, which brings the Bay of Naples, or the palaces of Genoa, direct into view from the deck of the steamer upon which they first embarked. The express steamers of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Companies, with all their advantages of size and luxury of equipment, have, by their weekly sailings, made economical what was previously an expensive journey, and a source of pleasure what was considered as an inconvenient interval before coming to the real object of the trip.

Beyond the Gulf Stream and passing not far from the



The Loo Rock, Funchal.

summer kissed Bermudas, the waters of the south Atlantic are speeded over, and before the week's end Madeira and the Isles of the Azores, the sought-for winter resorts of the European travelers, are sailed through. One day more brings our ship to her call at Gibraltar, the western guardian of the midsummer sea, upon whose land-surrounded waters the balance of our voyage is run out. A palace hotel all the way, glimpses of passing scenery of lands strange and alluring, and an equable climate throughout, what wonder that the way led by the wise ones of our winter wanderers is being more followed by those who are learning by their experience. The weekly steamers press onward direct to their Italian goal, but there are also



Monte Carlo.

winter cruising tours by which the circuit of the great inland sea of the Mediterranean may be made.

Let us follow such a one as that of the Auguste Victoria, starting from New York on January 29. Madeira soon is reached, where neither frost nor extreme heat is ever found, and the eye is always greeted by verdure. Funchal, the capital, is situated on its shores, and the traveler's visit while the steamer waits will reveal its many beauties.

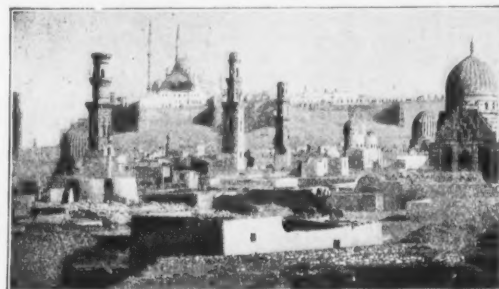
The next port is Gibraltar, tunneled for miles, fortified and

garrisoned by Tommy Atkins. It is the impregnable watch-tower of British naval power. Twelve miles across the Strait and within sight is Tangiers. Continuing along the south side of Algeria, with its mixture of Moor and Byzantine, is called at, and ample time allowed for a journey on land. Thence north-erly and we are again in Europe, touching at Genoa and Villefranche, and again Egyptward to call at Sicily and Malta, another British naval station, the fancied home of the Ancient



Monte Pellegrino, Palermo, Sicily.

Grecian myths and the scene of St. Paul's adventures. Gained through strategy by Napoleon in 1798 on his way to his wondrous expedition to Egypt, Malta was, after a two years' siege, taken by the English and has since remained a British possession and the focus of her mistress fleets. Alexandria, Egypt's seaport, founded by Alexander the Great, is next, the locale of a history which can claim to be the most impressive and age-centuried of all lands. Dating back into its lore of thousands of years here was the beginning of science and literature, of wealth and strength, until later it became the weakest of the Roman satrapies; here Christianity flourished and was overwhelmed, to bud out anew under English rule. Cairo, five hours inland, is a myriad moving concentration of men, black, white and red, a



The Tombs of the Mamelukes, Cairo.

polyglot of all nations, making its chattering popola for a grand bazaar. What London is to the world in finance and Paris in social gaiety, Cairo is to winter travelers, for it is here that those in search of health and rest come from every quarter of the globe, either to bask in its luxurious hotels, or to sail upon Father Nile. Modern improvements in navigation, and the energy of Thomas Cook have rendered it possible to travel in comfort both to the first and second catamarans, and now that the Soudan has been reconquered negotiations are under way so that a trip may, ere long, be made to Khartoum with as much ease as from Toronto to the River Saguenay. Several days are allowed in which to see Cairo and visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx, then the trip is resumed, and we land in boats at Jaffa, the ancient and present port of Palestine. The ship waits off the shore. Time is afforded for visiting Jerusa'em, Jericho and



Landing at Jaffa.

the Dead Sea, enabling intimate study to be made of the central scenes of the life of Christ. Returning to the ship she resumes her course along the coast, calling at Smyrna, and on to Constantinople for a glimpse of Turkey and the Turks. Constantinople contains more than 400 mosques, and being the center of Mohammedism, will prove most interesting. The next calls are Athens, interesting with her Greek lore, and then again to Italy, Spain and New York.

This tour embraces sixty-seven days, of which thirty-four are on land, during many of which the ship serves for hotel at night, and thirty-three are on the water, giving rest and variety of change, which is so desired by the traveler. Those wishing to leave either this or the regular steamers on the return may do so at Genoa, and after proceeding by any route may have their return passages applied from Hamburg, Bremen or Southampton to New York, or may return by the route by which they went.

The Mediterranean companies are jointly represented in Toronto by Barlow Cumberland, from whom the beautifully illustrated and descriptive books of the routes and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean will be furnished, either on



The Blue Grotto at Capri.

personal call or by mail, as well as the exact cost of all incidents and visits of the trips. It will be a surprise to many to find at how comparatively low a rate a winter holiday can be made to these Italian and Oriental ports. The hotel bills at an American Southern resort for March or April will go far to pay for what is an infinitely more interesting and invigorating foreign and varied trip. In a little over three weeks' absence Rome can be visited or, from Naples and Capri, Vesuvius can be seen in fervid action and sea baths taken daily for a large portion of the time at sea. It is a holiday much to be sought for.

Toronto, Dec., '98.

The story of how Sir William Harcourt's resignation was brought about is extraordinary. A London paper, the *Daily Mail*, offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the person naming the man who would be the most popular Liberal leader and giving the best reasons for his choice. This brought out a great flood of correspondence, with wide differences of opinion. Two days after the start of this, appeared Sir William Harcourt's ultimatum, which has caused so much commotion.

Burglar Bill (to his new cell mate)—So you're a musician, are ye, an' got sent here for stealing a pianny? Well, ye won't do much musical practicin' in dis place, I'll bet. New Comer—Oh, I don't know. If I get hold of a fiddle I'll probably try a few bars.—*E.C.*

Paris Kid Glove Store

Special for Christmas

2-clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1 and \$1.25, with Fancy Stitchings.
2-clasp Derby Gloves.
4-bt. Gloves, in all sizes, 75c.
8-bt. length Suede Gloves, in all colors, 75c.
Evening Gloves to match any costume.

NOVELTIES IN EMPIRE FANS

Dress Goods

Special importations of Fancy Dress Goods for Afternoon and Visiting Gowns.
Handsome Brocades, Duchess Satins, Embroidered Chiffons and all-over effects for Dinner and Evening Gowns.

WM. STITT & CO.

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East

PANTECHNETHECA

DINNER SETS
for CHRISTMAS

This is something you do not buy every day. Be sure you are getting a good article or you will find it a constant annoyance. If you try to buy a set too cheap you will get SECONDS which means CULLS.

WE HAVE A

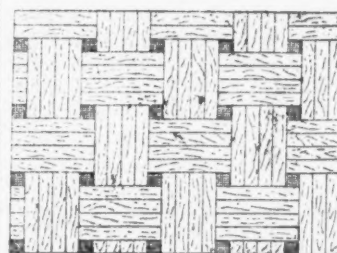
Magnificent Stock of First-Class Dinner Ware

116 YONGE ST.

Are You
Thinking of
Diamonds?

Our prices—our phenomenally close prices—on Diamonds are made possible simply because we select every stone personally from the hands of the men who actually cut them in Amsterdam.

It has taken years of experience and accumulation of capital to enable us to attain this position, but it has been attained, as our diamond values testify.

Ryrie Bros.
TORONTOCor. Yonge
and
Adelaide Sts.

IN connection with our parquet floors we sell all necessary preparations for laying and finishing them. Special wire nails, wood filler polishing wax, polishing brushes, restorer, etc.

We also sell Bletcher's Boston Polish to those who prefer it.

The ELLIOTT & SON CO.
LIMITED

40 King Street East, Toronto

Charming Xmas Gifts

GRACEFUL PALMS
HARDY RUBBER PLANTS
and DAINTY FERNS at

Dunlop's

All sizes are kept in stock with Jardinieres to correspond. DELIVERY OF ROSES in good condition guaranteed, to customers in or out of town.

WRITE for descriptive price list.

5 King West

and

445 Yonge

Chafing Dishes
Brass Kettles
Brass Gongs

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and
Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Rogers' Fine Furniture



If you are still puzzled what to give just look through our stock. The chances are you'll find the very piece you want among the scores of fancy oddments in art furniture collected here. Think for instance of

A GILDED CHAIR at \$5.00 upwards

A FANCY CABINET at \$10 “

A Flemish Oak Rocker at \$6.20 “

A FANCY TABLE at \$3.00 “

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.
LIMITED
97, YONGE STREET

Clear Soup

You will want a clear soup for the Christmas dinner, and you can have it easily. Your grocer (if he is progressive) has those little English Soup Squares made by E. Lazenby & Son.

There are clear soups among them—a delicious Julienne for example. Each square makes 1½ pints of soup. Dissolve one in boiling water—that is all the work there is.

**Lazenby's
Soup
Squares**

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli
AND THE...

HEINTZMAN & CO. ...PIANO...

It was before one of the New Scale Grand Pianos of the genuine Heintzman & Co. manufacture that the famous soprano, Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, sang at the rendition of the Messiah in Massey Hall on the evening of the 15th inst. In former visits to Toronto this artist has had the same piano to accompany her singing.

Speaking from this experience Mlle. Trebelli said:

“The excellent piano you kindly furnished me was a beautiful instrument. The singing or carrying qualities pleased me very much.”

And in this endorsement this vocalist voices the opinions of scores of others whose words of praise might be quoted.

“I had not the slightest idea such a magnificent instrument as this was manufactured in Canada. Its sympathetic richness and brilliancy of tone, and its wonderful singing quality, combined with delicacy and ease of touch, easily place your instrument in the front rank of the leading pianos of the world.”—ARTURO TUTINI, the celebrated blind Italian pianist.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

Established 1847 117 King St. West, Toronto

BIG CURTAIN SALE

Between now and the end of the year we have planned to make a very decided clearing in our lace curtain stock. These goods are all new, but on the eve of the opening of the new year the stock is just something larger than we care to have it. Many of the styles are exclusive to ourselves—all rank among the finest in lace curtains. The special prices until January 1, 1899, will be as follows:

White and Ivory Lace Curtains, taped edges, regularly sold at \$1.10. Sale price **85c.**
White and Ivory Lace Curtains, taped edges, regularly sold at \$1.25 and \$1.35. Sale price **\$1.00.**
White and Ivory Lace Curtains, taped edges, regularly sold at \$1.40 and \$1.50. Sale price **\$1.25.**
White and Ivory Lace Curtains, taped edges, regularly sold at \$2.25. Sale price **\$1.75.**
White Tulle and Ivory Irish Point Curtains, lines regularly sold at \$3.00 for **\$2.50.** \$4.00 for **\$3.35.** \$4.75 for **\$3.75.** \$5.50 for **\$4.50.** \$6.50 for **\$5.25.**

We are sending hundreds of pairs of curtains to shoppers out of town. You can with perfect safety order from these lists.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West - - - Toronto

Society at the Capital.

CHARMING and beautiful hostess, an ideal host, a perfect floor, excellent music and a host of men, were a few of the factors which combined to make the dance of Thursday, given by Col. Turner, the United States Consul-General, and Mrs. Turner, an immense success. The handsome dining-room of the Russell was the scene of it, and tastefully draped as it was with British and United States flags, lit with manifold prettily colored lights and arranged with costly plants, it never presented a more brilliant appearance. At little tables, decked with flowers, supper was served in the ladies' ordinary about midnight. Throughout the evening light refreshments were to be had at a buffet in the hall. In the little gallery overlooking the ball-room an orchestra rendered the latest dance music. Mrs. Turner, gowned in white *mousseline de soie* over silk and wearing some lovely jewels, received her guests at the entrance to the ball-room. Mrs. Dobell, looking the *grande dame* to perfection, was in black velvet richly trimmed with lace. Miss Dobell, always the center of a gay coterie, wore white satin; Miss Whitney, a fair visitor in town at present, daughter of Mr. J. P. Whitney, was prettily gowned in white silk.

Mr. Boeye, the Belgian Vice-Consul, and his sister, Miss Boeye, sail for Europe this week. They left on Monday to pay a flying visit to Toronto and the Falls.

Mrs. Cameron of Toronto and her daughter, who have been the guests of Sir John and Lady Bouniot for some time, leave for home this week.

Mr. Justice and Madame Lavergne leave on Thursday for Arthabaskville, where they will spend Christmas in their old home.

Mrs. H. C. Monk has sent out cards for Thursday, when, in honor of her sister, Miss Wilson, she will entertain society at an afternoon dance.

Most successful was the meeting of the Women's Historical Society on Friday afternoon in Mrs. Ahern's pretty drawing room. After a short address by the president, Mrs. George Foster, most interesting papers were read by Mrs. Eriel and Miss Mary McKay Scott, their subjects being, The Early Days of Hymour and A Hero of Fifty Years Ago. This society, which is in a most flourishing condition at present, was formed mainly owing to the efforts of Lady Elgar last spring.

Mrs. C. H. Keefer is giving a dance on Thursday evening in honor of her charming daughter, Miss Besie Keefer, one of this season's debutantes.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, Lady Sybil Beauclerk, Major and Mrs. D. Diamond, Mr. Lascelles and Mr. Gaise returned on Saturday morning from Toronto, where in addition to attending many smart functions the Governor-General's party were lunched and dined by hospitable hosts innumerable.

The tea hour on the last two days of the week found many in the bright drawing-room of Mrs. Alex. Christie. So as not to crowd her rooms Mrs. Christie very wisely divided her list and in consequence gave two very delightful At Homes. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Claudia Bate.

An appreciative audience and a fashionable one assembled in the Russell Theater on Tuesday evening to witness the first of a series of concerts given by the Ottawa Amateur Orchestral Society. Many smart gowns and flashing jewels were to be seen in the pit, while the boxes held a number of merry little parties which told of *recherche* dinners before and jolly suppers to follow. Miss Carrie Lash of Toronto, whose sweet contralto voice was heard in several numbers, was accorded a very flattering reception.

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, and Mrs. Borden, left on Monday for Washington, where they will stay some time. They intend stopping at New York en route.

Mrs. Stuart of Halifax, who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Sedgewick, left for home on Saturday.

O. Lawa, Dec. 20, 1898.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requires: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

I. A. H.—You are honest, upright and candid, reasonably decided, practical, and not easily cast down. I think when you are older you could be a good business hand, but it will need a lot of training. Certainly you are cheerful and would do good work.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.—What you said about the writing is no doubt your honest opinion. I quite agree with you, and as for the other thing, you know as well as I do that it is not. That is if you know Lady Gay. That

particular gown, my goodness, man! was the pride of her heart, and cost the savings of many moons to pay for. Run along, my Gerson. Your Christmas should be blessed. She is a forgiving person and wishes you happiness.

MILLSON.—This is a very charming, thoughtful, and hopeful person, independent, energetic, artistic and refined; has perhaps a few prejudices, more tenacity, and a very good will power; would idealize common things; loves beauty. A small hand with some indications of concentration, with traits to mitigate this indicates self-honesty and narrowness. It is hard to give an arbitrary rule for the significance of a diminutive writing. I certainly find palmistry very interesting and sometimes very instructive.

RUSTIC.—Good and plenty of it; a bright, magnetic person, self-reliant and a little self-assertive. You see quickly and may be a bit impatient of those who do not. Your sense of proportion and judgment might be better. You should be of conservative convictions and perhaps somewhat averse to liberal ideas. Your impulse is strong, steady and increasing. A good deal of originality and quite a formed character.

ANNIE.—Your *nom de plume* is so likely to be duplicated that I might remind you that you used an envelope of the Argonaut Rowing Club. 2 The writing has not much individuality, being largely patterned and studied from copy-book models. You are adaptable, pleasant-tempered, and very appreciative of beauty. Refinement and ease are shown, and ambition, hope, even judgment, tendency to exaggerate, and a rather strong imagination.

XAVIER.—Don't be bothered with any letter which is not signed. I am so used to assumed names that such a letter has not the same significance that it would have for you. The man or woman who writes anonymous letters is beneath contempt. They are generally outcasts who love to wound honest folks, or upstart fools who have been snubbed or ignored. Pity is what the best of people would feel for them.

A PARKDALE PAPA.—It is a stirring bit of a study, outspoken and a bit impatient, anxious to make a good impression, determined and persistent, tenacious in opinions, and apt to look after the main chance. Would be a good friend and a determined enemy, capable of warm affection, and sure to be a strong and very manly man. Not much taste for the arts, but has a good opinion of himself all round; has plenty of adaptability and enterprise as well.

YALE.—It is more than I did, young fellow; I only once saw a game, and then I thought they were all gone crazy. This is a rather cranky study, and full of impetuous and ill-considered lines. But it is alive and interesting. You will do best among your own people, and should have a love of home. A great deal of nervous energy and an honest and just nature show in your lines. I don't know but you will readily despond under trial.

WILHELMINA.—I am afraid your writing is not developed enough for a study. Merry Christmas to you my little lady; I hope Santa Claus will be good to you.

NYN TALBOT.—It is an honest, hard, pessimistic and strong mentality; is bright and will re-organize firm. You decide quickly and adhere to your course; you like ease, but I doubt very much if you attain it; you like conversation and have sociable instincts, but I think you lack the ease of the practical society man. You are too strong to pose. You are somewhat susceptible to influence.

KATHLEEN.—You've been told you are to be an old maid! Don't you believe it, even if everyone you know tells you so. You are at present so erratic in impulse and so many-sided in opinions that I can make little of you, but I don't think you're the stuff they make old maids of.

ANTONETTE.—There are ideas in it. It isn't very strong nor original, but you are young. I should say keep at it.

British Unity.

Le Matin of Paris, in an article discussing the English, says: "Yes, we must get that idea well into our heads that all the English, of all parts, and in all conditions of life, pursue—for the time at least—the same object, and co-operate towards the same results. This policy is not determined by the preferences or the passions of the moment. It is the result of a course of national necessities, and is really the struggle for life. In the first place England is governed on the aristocratic principle. All the changes, all the progress, that in other countries tend to enfeeble the aristocracy, to scatter its influence and its wealth, tend here on the contrary to strengthen the aristocracy and to concentrate the riches in the hands of the powerful. Besides the landed aristocracy there has become established the industrial and commercial aristocracy; to the lords are adjoined the great bourgeois representatives. There is no antagonism in their aspirations and their interests; on the contrary, they have the same needs and they march together on the same route. They do not hinder each other; they aid each other. England's Government is not in the least in danger of a revolution like ours. No class has the desire to destroy the one above it. The Englishman loves liberty; he does not care at all for equality."

Mrs. Fatpuse—You paint pictures to order, don't you? Great artist—Yes, madam. Mrs. Fatpuse—Well, I want a landscape, with lots of deer and ducks, and quail and partridges and pheasants, and cattle and sheep and pigs, and so on, you know; and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know; and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming about, because it's for the dining room.

Latest News From

Devil's Island.

The Special Envoy of the Paris *Matin*, in his detailed report, (Oct. 28th 1898), of his visit to ex-Captain Dreyfus, gives the list of "Little Wants," which the prisoner sends in monthly to civilization, among which was a request for

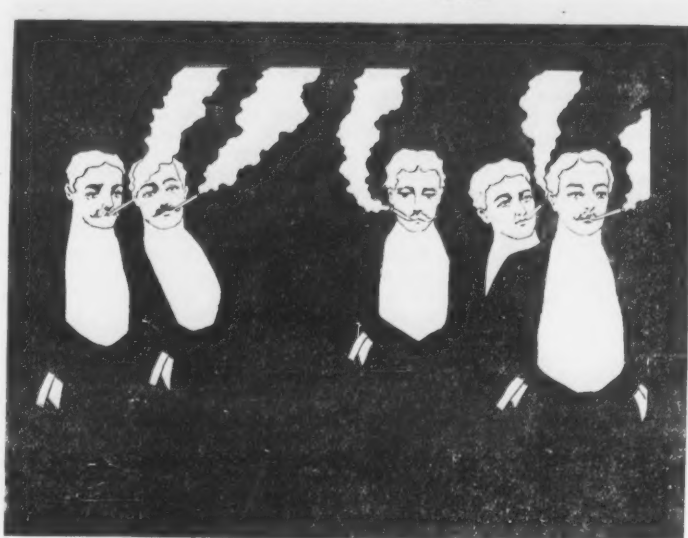
2 bottles Hunyadi János

Natural Aperient Water.

This proves that, although cut off from civilization for 4 years, the ex-Captain still remembered the name of

The Best Natural Laxative Water.

"AFTER THE BALL"



HIS EXCELLENCY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP.—"By jove, I never expected to find Savory's cigarettes in this country."

HIS OTTAWA FRIEND.—"Why, all our fellows send to Toronto for these. Muller has a collection of cigarettes and Havana cigars which connoisseurs pronounce the best in America."

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP.—"I'll meet you at Muller's to-morrow—say just before luncheon."

A Needlework Magazine

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

JUST ISSUED, the first number of

Corticelli Home

Needlework

For 1899

It contains twenty-five entirely new superbly colored plates. Five are of double roses.

This number contains articles from the best embroidery artists in Canada and the United States; tells how to embroider Centerpieces, Doilies, Tea

Cloths, Sofa Cushions, Photo Frames and all kinds of Fancy Work in new designs. There are also rules and new patterns for Cross Stitch, Church Embroidery and Corticelli Decorative Crochet, the latest thing in needlework.

Subscription price, 25 cents per year; single copies, 10c. each.

Address **CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK**

50 RICHIEU STREET, ST. JOHNS, P. Q.



"Mamma, Santa Claus doesn't make all the presents he brings."
"How do you know?"
"Cause he got this coat for me at Oak Hall, on King street east, Toronto."

Christmas is Here Again



And we are showing nice new goods for Xmas Presents. Ladies' Patent and Dongola Slippers, all the newest designs. Ladies' Quilted Satin Julitts, trimmed with fur; they are in Pink, White, Garnet and Black; they make a lovely Xmas present for ladies. For gentlemen we have in stock a full line of Slippers, all makes and sizes—the latest and best of everything in slippers. Men's Patent Leather Oxford and Street Boots, all the newest lasts. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hockey Boots in large variety.

We Wish Our Patrons a Merry Xmas and Prosperous New Year

W. L. WALLACE, - 110 Yonge Street

"Rayna, you seem to be in a brown study. Are you invoking the muse?"
"The muse? Mews! Ah, that is what I was trying to think of! I promised to take my wife and daughter to the cat show. Thank you."—*Chicago Record.*

The following is the latest ancient German Emperor: "Why did His Majesty leave Palestine so suddenly?" Answer: "Because he tried to walk on the sea of Galilee, and was disgusted when he found he could not do it."

Southender—Waiter, I want a dinner for two. Waiter—Will ze haf table d'hotel or a la carte? Southender—Bring us some of both, with plenty of gravy.—*Rosbury Gazette.*

Patent Medicine Man—I don't know whether to publish this testimonial or not. His Partner—What is it? Patent Medicine Man (reads)—Your cough syrup has been used with wonderful success on my boy, aged ten. He confesses that he would rather go to school any time than take your preparation.

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believe her to be perfect, but I saw something about her last night that made me tired." "What was that?" "Another fellow's arms."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Mrs. Binks seems like a very fussy woman." "Fussy? Say, if she built a house she'd insist upon having all the nails manicured."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Ponton Defence Fund.

In response to many requests SATURDAY NIGHT stated last week that it would accept and acknowledge subscriptions to the fund being raised in Napanee, Belleville and Kingston to guarantee W. H. Ponton a thorough defence when his case again comes to trial. He has appeared twice before the police magistrate and once at the Assizes, and the expense of defending himself has been very heavy. In Belleville \$375 was subscribed, much of which was used in connection with the last trial, but a balance remains, and Mr. J. Lyons Biggar is treasurer of a fund being quietly raised there. The subscriptions for the next trial so far as we are cognizant of them are:

Collected by or forwarded to	
F. P. Douglas, Napanee, Ont.	\$435.00
Received at this office:	
A. Mother, Napanee, Ont.	2.00
Danforth, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
Opposed to Pinkertonism, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
Alex. Hamilton, Beaverton, Ont.	1.00
A. P. Reid, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
Agnew, Napanee, Ont.	2.00
Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Napanee, Ont.	.50
M. S. M., Napanee, Ont.	.50
F. A. Fleming, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
T. A. G., Napanee, Ont.	.50
B. Morton, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
J. Knox, Napanee, Ont.	.25
W. George Muston, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
H. Logan, Napanee, Ont.	.50
N. B. E., Napanee, Ont.	1.00
H. M. H., Napanee, Ont.	1.00
H. G. T., Napanee, Ont.	1.00
K. Roberts, Napanee, Ont.	1.00
R. S. M., Napanee, Ont.	1.00
F. R. J., Napanee, Ont.	1.00
C. A. Durand, Eglar, Ont.	1.00

Social and Personal.

That spacious home in Sherbourne street, which has recently been so beautified and decorated by its owner, Hon. Senator Cox, was *en fete* on Saturday, when Mrs. Cox was at home to an avalanche of friends, both gentlemen and ladies. Some came early and hurried afterwards to other functions; some intended doing so, but never left the shining glow of the beautifully lighted rooms until it was too late to go anywhere but home. Mrs. Cox, who always dresses in the quietest of gowns, was richly robed in black and blue, relieved with a white satin yoke and some good lace, and received in the drawing-room, where also the Senator stood, his genial face and hearty hand clasp seconding his simple word of welcome with sincere goodwill. The house-party of married sons and daughters, their wives and their husbands, is quite a large one, and amply suffices with no outside aid for even such a crush as that of Saturday. The beautiful dining room and connecting conservatory were the most popular places to linger, and everyone admired the charming buffet with its scores of pink roses and airy stephanotis, (for the two hostesses of Saturday chose the same flowers for their table decorations), and also cast many appreciative glances at the ceiling painted by a famous artist in his best manner. Those pretty girls who made such a success of the Christmas sale in these same rooms the previous week, were all there in great spirits at the good fortune, and many an elderly churchman and woman smiled at their enthusiasm, recalling doubtless the days when such a venture would have been scouted with prophecies of signal failure. Music echoed through the wide hall, where many a pleasant group of old friends gathered to talk and listen. A remarkable thing was the number of men of affairs who took an hour off to join in the bright festivity—civilians, legal luminaries, church dignitaries, railroad kings, manufacturing princes, legislators, learned professors, musicians and artists, and all the rest who build and sustain the country, were there to fraternize with the host, who has won the respect and esteem of all who know him, and his good and gracious wife, who shares so becomingly his honors and his friends' regard.

The first visit of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto to Toronto took precedence of all other interests last week, and apart from the great ball in their honor there was a civic reception, with the inevitable address, in the new City Hall, and a beautiful dinner at the Toronto Club for His Excellency, at which the speech of the president was a gem, everywhere extolled, and the reply of Lord Minto a very finished and diplomatic effort. There was a luncheon at the Country and Hunt Club on Thursday, hastily arranged by the Master, at which, among others, Lady Kirkpatrick was welcomed; and in the course of Friday's bright morning hours, a jolly ice-boat ride over the Bay, which

the vice-regal pair much enjoyed. Even after all this rushing about, Lady Minto declared herself not a bit tired at the immense reception at Government House in the later afternoon. By the way, that was a very popular rendezvous for society, private and official circles turning out *en masse* to see the new vice-royalties. One old lady said, "She's such a little thing," in quite a complaining tone, reminiscent of the Aberdeen proportions. An ultra-loyal officer transfixed the old lady with a long piercing look. "Madam, did you ever see the Queen?" he asked, and the old lady repented of her remark. The strapping aides who guarded the vice-regal pair on either side were gorgeous in their scarlet and gold, so much so that another old lady charged up to shake hands with first one and then the other of them, and almost overlooked the quiet gentleman in the frock-coat and gray trousers who represents the Queen. The first drawing-room at Government House was reserved as a "Throne Room" and callers passed at once into the second, where Miss Mowat gave a pretty smile and hand-shake, and the flustered visitor turned and took a good stare at the little party facing the entrance doors. Lady Minto is not assertive, she smiles very quietly and not often, the art of smiling seems happily unknown to her, but when she does smile it means something, therefore let us hope it meant pleasure at the welcome Toronto gave her. His Excellency and Lady Minto went home on the evening train on Friday. About a dozen military men were at the station to bid *au revoir* to their soldier Governor, but the departure was not made the occasion for any assembly, as, under the present regime, advertising seems to be left out of the contract. There is a very pleasant memory of Lady Minto in the heart of one at least of the young buds who figured at the Yacht Club ball, and if she should say when you are about (and her eye should dance and her color deepen as she says it), "I think Lady Minto is a dear!" you will know that thereby hangs a pretty tale. It is just the sort of thing which would be vulgarized if told about, which is the reason I don't tell it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Riddell are spending their Christmas holidays with the family party down east, as usual, and the bright hostess of 109 St. George street will not return until after the New Year. Mrs. Riddell was very beautifully gowned in yellow silk, covered with exquisite white lace, at the Yacht Club ball. In common with several others, whose pleasure in watching the beautiful scene overcame their desire to dance, she was most of the evening in the gallery.

On next Thursday afternoon, weather permitting, the opening At Home of the Victoria Skating Assemblies will be held at the Victoria Rink, from half-past four to half-past six. Should the ice not be good, the At Home will be postponed until Thursday of New Year's week.

Invitations to a dance at London Barracks bring the memory of jolly Colonel Buchan and his popular wife and daughter back to many a warm friend here. The officers at London give their dance on Friday next and lots of us would like to be there.

The Christmas Number of *Acta Victoriana*, the Victoria College paper, is out and is a most creditable production.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. MacArthur of Chicago are expected in town to-day and will spend the holidays with the former's mother, Mrs. John MacArthur. Mrs. Burdick of New York accompanies them.

Mr. George A. Gouin of Calgary, who has recently returned from the Yukon, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rose of St. Mary street.

A few friends in Toronto are reminded to congratulate in advance that fine young fellow, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, who leaves for New York next week to bring back to us a pretty and winsome lady we have not forgotten. Mr. Chadwick and Miss Jessie Murray will be married next Thursday.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston will not receive until after the New Year. She will be at home on Friday, January 6, and tea calls will then be in order.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall have been entertaining a very welcome visitor this and last week. Mr. Gerald Hayward, the famous miniature painter, having been their guest. Mr. Hayward has painted fine portraits of Major and Mrs. Pellatt and their young son Reggie, among others, and has with him some exquisite faces of well known beauties. In a signet ring, which opens with a hinge, Mr. Hayward has a painting of the eye of Senora Barrios, a most speaking feature and lovely beyond compare.

The members of the Church of England Deaconess House, 577 Church street, would be glad to receive warm clothing to distribute among those who so sorely need it this cold weather.

The children of the Normal Kindergarten had their usual pretty annual closing on Thursday at half past ten. These affairs are most bright and interesting, and it is hard to decide whether children or elders enjoy them most.

Mr. and Mrs. George Riddell are spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays in New York. They left town on Thursday evening.

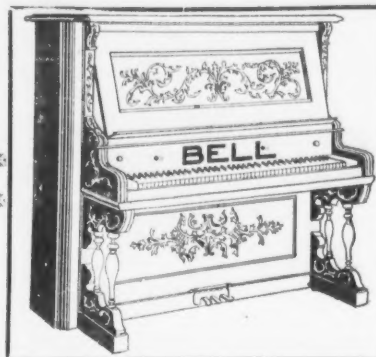
Strings of carriages passed under the grim stone archway which guards the officers' square at Stanley Barracks, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, when the two dances given by the officers were on. On Wednesday everyone appreciated the forethought of dividing the social event, for instead of being crowded and uncomfortable, the guests found ample room for dancing and sitting out. Upstairs and down were Christmas decorations arranged by the men, and a vociferous "Welcome" in shabby, green letters proclaimed the hospitable intent of the

orderly who evolved it for the glory of his officer's cosy room. The gas, which has taken the place of coal-oil, has wonderfully brightened up the mess room and such of the other quarters as have secured it. All sorts of ingenious decorations with warlike weapons, flags, and even an Imperial monogram in bridle-chains, showed the devices of the non-coms, and men to make barracks a thing of beauty. A good deal of sitting-out naturally results from limited dancing space, and most gallant hosts, ready to find the cosiest corner, the softest cushions and brightest grate fire for any number of partners in succession. The dance was a brilliant one; beautiful gowns, pale before the splendor of the scarlet. The Government House guests included Miss Mowat, who wore a very pretty gown of pale green brocade; Mrs. Fred Mowat in black; Captain Herbert Mowat and Mr. James Elmsley. A very handsome young matron was Mrs. Widmer Hawke, in a black jetté gown, with

straps of jet on her perfect shoulders; Mrs. Hodgson in white silk and chiffon, with mauve flowers on the corsage; Miss Burnham in a beautiful heliotrope gown; Miss Eva Delamere in white, and Miss Luida Denison in pink; Mrs. Alfred Cameron in pale green, and Mrs. Gibson in pink satin; Mrs. Gwynn in canary silk with black; Miss Clair Geary in white; Miss Flintoff, Miss Stewart, a most attractive girl, in white, with a snowy bird in her *coiffure*; *petite* Mrs. Morton in gray brocade; Mrs. Bolte in a lovely lace gown, with design in *bebe* ribbons over silk; Mrs. Drynan in green and silver; white brocade, with double skirt; Miss Lily Ellis in black and pink; Miss Olive White in black, with turquoise; Mrs. Albert Gooderham in pale mauve *moire*, with flounce of pink and border of flowers; Mrs. J. K. Kerr in yellow brocade, with white lace; Miss Louie Chadwick in apple-green. Colonel and Mrs. Otter received in the dining room, which was also *salle de danse*, and the officers' wives,

"I am very pleased to add my testimony to that of others with regard to the merits of your Pianos. The first time I tried them I was particularly pleased with them, and my first impression remains unaltered. The tone is full and singing and the touch is delightfully sympathetic. I have no hesitation in pronouncing your instruments to be the best I have tried of Canadian make, and indeed equal to those made by many of the leading American manufacturers; if they continue to sustain their present high standard there is, I believe, a great future before you in the Piano world."

Albert C. V. B. P.
Mus. Bach.



"Allow me to compliment you on the qualities of the three Bell Pianos ordered from you for the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The tone is remarkably pure and brilliant throughout, while the bass is deep and powerful, the mechanism is perfect, the touch elastic, and in appearance the entire pianos are works of art."

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Musical Director
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

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Musical Director
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

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I am, yours truly,

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Hamilton.
Conductor "Harris Orchestral Club,"
Conductor "Hamilton Choral Society,"
Organist St. Paul's Presbyterian Church,
Musical Director Hamilton Conservatory of Music.

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Mrs. Young, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Forester and Mrs. Sutton, made a handsome group near by. Supper was served upstairs in the officers' rooms, where tables were quickly set and supplied from a buffet. Everything was nice and well served, and after one extra-extra Wednesday dance broke up about half-past one with many words of appreciation from guests to hosts.

Miss Newbatt of 118 Spencer avenue,

Parkdale, leaves town on Friday night to spend the holidays as the guest of the Misses Naftel at their residence, La Franque, Goderich. There was, by the way, a very jolly supper party on Thursday night at 118 Spencer avenue, when a magnificent tablecloth was used made of linen woven before eighteen hundred and five. This has been beautifully embroidered in an all-over design by the hands of the fair hostess.

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Social and Personal.

THE nuptials of Miss Eleanor Constance Coldham, third daughter of Mrs. Coldham of Madison avenue, and Mr. William Murray Douglas, of the firm of McCarthy, Osler & Creelman, were celebrated in St. Thomas's church, Huron street, last Saturday afternoon, December 17, at half-past three o'clock, the Lord Bishop of Niagara officiating, assisted by the rector, Rev. Charles Shortt. Miss Coldham, one of the most popular members of what we may call our United States colony, has, since her arrival in Toronto, made many friends, and Mr. Douglas is so well and favorably known, both in legal and social circles, that much interest was taken in their wedding, and long before the appointed hour, guests were arriving, until the church was quite filled. The ushers, Capt. Herbert Mowat, Mr. Augustus Burritt, Mr. Henry Osborne, Mr. W. D. Leslie, Mr. Percy Manning and Mr. J. Strachan Johnston, were past masters in courtesy and took the ladies to their places in most gracious manner. The organist, Mr. Reid, played several choice morceaux while the guests were being seated. The choir emerged from the vestry and marched to their places behind the chancel screen, which was beautifully decorated with holly, smilax and a tier of blooming plants. The gates, which were closed before the choir entered, were a mass of white flowers in the initials of the bride and groom. Calla lilies and holly decorated the high altar, and a huge cross of white chrysanthemums was reared over the center of the screen. White ribbons were knotted across the seats reserved for the relatives, and every pew had its gleaming bunch of holly, presiding of Christmastide, so near at hand. The arrangement of the bride's procession was original and very effective. The six ushers, who were *boutonnieres* of violets and violet-hued ties, led the way, two and two, followed by the bridesmaids in pairs, Miss Paxton of Toledo and Miss Mills of Hamilton, in pale green frocks, over white, and Miss Florence Blaikie and Miss Alice Baines, in pink over silk slips. All the maids wore hats of black velvet with plumes. Miss Mary Whitaker, a tall and stately Toledo girl, was maid of honor, and immediately preceded the bride, wearing a lovely gown of heliotrope over silk slip, and a large black velvet cavalier hat, with sweeping plumes. Miss Coldham's gown was of white *mousseline de soie* and lace over white silk, exquisitely made and exquisitely worn. The hat was of the low-crowned, broad-brimmed cavalier shape in white velvet. A drooping ostrich plume fell on either side, and a huge rosette joined them in the front. Beneath the shadowing brim the fine calm face of the handsome girl was a picture, as she stepped slowly and gracefully along the aisle. It was a real American beauty wedding, and the maids, maid of honor and bride emphasized the fact by carrying huge honey-sweet sheaves of the queen of roses—the American beauty. Mr. Ernest A. Osler was best man. The wedding reception was held at 20 Madison avenue, where Mrs. Coldham received the guests in the drawing-room, where also the bride and groom, surrounded by their attendants, received congratulations and good wishes. Upstairs the Italians played, the guests gazed admiringly at a room full of lovely presents, and by and by the bridal party sat down to the *dejeuner*, set on a table crowned with roses and elegantly served by McConkey, who also served a very dainty repast at a buffet in the dining-room to the guests. Dr. and Mrs. Coldham and Judge Coldham of Toledo were of the family party, with Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, brother-in-law and sister of the bride. A few of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. James, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Miss Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Miss Hees, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. Featherston Aylesworth, Mr. Chris Baines, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. Welford and Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham, Mr. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonell, Misses Gooderham, Rowand, Temple, Geary, Arthurs, Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Messrs. Evans, McMurray, Grey, Drake, Wyatt and McInnes.

The marriage ceremony of Miss Florence Mary Macdonell and Mr. James William Bain was quietly celebrated at St. Alban's cathedral on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a very small party of relatives and very intimate friends. Miss Macdonell was attended by her sister, Miss Leila Macdonell, and was escorted and given away by her father. The bride wore her traveling-dress of dark blue cloth, with velvet toque to match, her attendant maid being also gowned in a tailor-made cloth dress of violet hue and hat of black velvet. The bridal bouquet was of violets. An informal reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents in St. George street and refreshments were served to the small assemblage of friends who were privileged to offer the first congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bain. The bride and groom left on the evening train for New York, where they will later meet several Toronto friends, for they will attend the Chadwick-Murray nuptials at Flushing on next Thursday. Mr. Chadwick is a cousin of the bride of last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Bain have set up their household gods in Murray street, that quiet and pleasant street where some nice new houses have recently been completed, one of which is to welcome the pretty bride as mistress. Miss Macdonell was a great favorite in her girlhood's circle, and will be a very much prized addition to Toronto's charming hostesses.

Mrs. Wallbridge has taken Mrs. Coldham's residence in Madison avenue and will remove there from the Arlington next month. She and her popular daughter, Miss Jeanie, have always been such successful hostesses that their return to the role after long absence will be much welcomed.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston's tea in her lovely home in Spadina road was the occasion of a large turnout of the *beau monde* last Saturday. Everything went so happily, the hostess and her sister, Miss Schreiber, were so cordial and unaffected in their welcome, the artistic surroundings so much appreciated, and the flower-crowned table so laden with the daintiest of fare, that people stayed unconsciously long and left with regret. The hostess was all in white and gray and silver, her golden hair beautifully arranged and her face radiant with kind hospitality. Miss Schreiber was an able assistant, and the little daughter of the hostess, now fast rising into young-ladyhood, was everywhere being greeted, as she flitted from room to room in her white frock and floating golden-brown hair. Mr. Johnston's connoisseurship in art is so well known that one looks forward to a treat of rare and beautiful things in his home—pictures, *faience* and blending tints charm and interest everywhere. The delft room, a vision of blues and grays, has been recently added, and many an exclamation of pleasure fell from fair lips as women pressed in to see and admire its quaint enclosure. The tea-table was exquisitely done in a light and dainty arrangement of waxy stephanotis and pink roses, set upon a billowy sea of *tulle*, the scheme being evolved by the clever hostess and being much admired. Space lacks to enumerate the guests, who were an unusually smart and representative party. Mr. Johnston took a holiday from weighty affairs to play the genial host.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and their family have removed to Niagara Falls, where they are settled on the corner of Jefferson and First streets, in the commodious residence owned by Mrs. Samuel Young. Mrs. and Miss Sasha Young are spending the winter in Toronto and are boarding in Floor street east. Miss Amy Thompson was one of the prettiest girls at the Yacht Club ball on Thursday of last week, in a canary and black gown, with a wreath of Meteor roses on her dainty head. She and her young friends will miss each other greatly.

Mrs. Remy Elmsley has gone to England. Mrs. Sims of St. George street gave a pleasant progressive to young people on Monday evening. Miss Julia Greenhills while on a visit in Montreal had a bad fall and broken her arm. The engagement of Professor Ira E. Martin and Mrs. Shortt, all of Kingston, has been announced.

Mr. Arthur W. Ross and Mr. W. C. Fox are away in the mining district of the far West.

Many young ladies throughout the country who have attended Loretto Abbey here will be sadly interested to hear of the death of Sister Loretto. It occurred on Sunday at St. Michael's Hospital.

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Mrs. George Dunstan is warmly welcomed home. Miss Kate Counsell, a guest at Sunnyside, was very sweet at the Yacht Club ball, and went home to Hamilton for Christmas. Miss Bella Gordon of London made a short visit in Toronto this week. Mrs. Byrne of Huron street gave a pretty *ceise* and white luncheon for Mrs. G. W. Lillie, who is so welcome back after her long sojourn in Germany. Miss Muriel Steele was down from Hamilton for the ball, the popular guest of that ideal hostess, Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone. Miss Agnes Drynan is visiting

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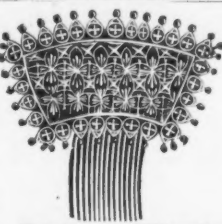
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ness of Toronto women that the lone person who has no family board to gather around generally has his or her pocket full of invitations to join the brightest home festivities on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Frank L. Webb of Colborne, who has been spending the last two months at Preston Springs and Toronto, has returned home. Mr. Warring Kennedy will spend Christmas with his daughter, Mrs. Webb.

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has an exceptionally fine stock at reasonable prices in his large conservatory attached to his store.

Plants and cut flowers can be safely shipped to any part of the Dominion. Orders by wire or mail will receive careful and prompt attention.

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BETTER THAN EVER

Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at

304 King St. West.

Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out of town patrons who frequent this establishment.

Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be very popular, being run under the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c.; Evening, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night bath, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.



Webb's Plum Puddings

are made from a celebrated recipe that was awarded the prize over five hundred others in a competition in London, Eng.

They are sent out in cloths or tins, cooked ready for heating and serving.

The best grocers sell them throughout the Dominion, or they may be ordered direct from

The HARRY WEBB CO., Limited

TORONTO

BUY YOUR FURS AT DINEEN'S

ELITE STYLES

In LADIES' ALASKA SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS

choice in quality, elegant in finish and design—all made on our premises—and every one an idea of impressive value at our low cash price.

DINEEN'S

DINEEN'S NEW BUILDING, - 140 Yonge St., cor. Temperance, Toronto



ONCE some Indians killed two deer three days' travel from the post, and Aikins was sent with dogs and sleds and one of the hunters to bring in the meat. He returned to the post half-famished, with the bones. Any Hudson's Bay man was good for a mallard or fat whitefish, beside the soup and wild rice pudding, at the substantial dinner of the Company's district head-quarter mess. If it chanced to be a time of superlative plenty, when Highland Special and Amontillado stood beside each plate, his capacity might be multiplied by two.

But Aikins was phenomenal. With a handcarp morsel of half a dozen smoked reindeer tongues or some cold partridges, swallowed just before in the privacy of his own apartments, he would sit down to table, set a pace in the eating which it was the despair of his fellows to keep up with, and rise smiling and victorious by perhaps a side of baked sturgeon at the finish. Aikins always took the pot.

The thing which seemed to afford him most satisfaction in life was, when he got out to one of the settlement towns—as he did at intervals of months—to put up at a hotel where he was unknown and live for a day or two at the regular rates. They were always sure to raise the rates at the end of two days. Then Aikins would move to another hotel. They always charged Aikins double rates where he was known.

Notwithstanding his absorption in the flesh-pots, Aikins had found opportunity to pay his addresses to the commissioned officer's niece. In fact, his life was equally divided between two devouring passions: the one purely material, in which he was the devourer; the other spiritual, aesthetic, by which he was in turn devoured. Odd to say, despite his rotundity of person and bucolic fullness of face, Miss Jo seemed no way displeased at his infatuation, much to the disgust of young Gregson, who nourished a highly developed infatuation for the young lady, of his own. In addition to these two, there were about the post several other infatuations in varying stages of growth, for which Miss Jo was innocently accountable, and of which she was the object. But these are of inferior importance.

"What can you see in that dearth-better—that famine foot?" Gregson once asked her in a tragic voice. "I'm not handsome, I know. But I can walk." Miss Jo only laughed.

Gregson was tall and lank. He could shoot, paddle, or run as far in a day on snowshoes or behind dogs as any man. But though his appetite was good he was a mere infant at table beside the phenomenal Aikins. There wasn't place on Gregson, from his ear to his heel, for a wad of fat.

Finally he took counsel of Jones, the chief clerk, and one night at the close of a prolonged conference in the corner, he was heard to say:

"Just hold your breath for a little. I'll let water in his birch-bark."

Christmas was coming at The Ram-parts. They knew it was coming, because snow muffled the lakes and muskegs, and the glass showed 40 below the zero mark. Besides, they had consulted the calendar. It had come over in the ship from London three years before, but the accountant had taken an afternoon off and worked the thing out. So it had been settled that Christmas was coming.

The cook had changed his apron daily for a week. Pies and cakes slid into the oven, looking ghastly and unpalatable, and slid out again so warm and deliciously



Oh, hang it, you fellows, you know what I mean.

brown that the pines, peeping in at the kitchen windows, shed their russet needles in envy. The plum pudding, of moose meat and berry pemican chopped fine, shook with joviality in the pot; the buffalo hump crackled in the pan beside the unctuous Canada goose; the ptarmigan vied with the spring beaver dressed whole, and as tender as young lamb in crispness and delicacy of aroma. Christmas was come. There were the accountant's figures for it.

Aikins walked about the stockaded square with his head held high in ecstasy, sniffing the feast. He was in supreme good humor. Miss Jo had not actually promised, but if the decision was what he promised himself, she would not her head at the supper table in the evening and he should rise in his place and announce the engagement. He had little fear for the decision.

"Can you read?" said he to Hampstead, a clerk who had just arrived from the outpost at Sunken Lake to spend Christmas. Hampstead had never met Aikins before. He looked for a moment at Aikins' squat figure and round face, and then said he believed he could.

"Good!" said Aikins. "Come up to

my room and we'll read a line or two before dinner. Some people put on a nightcap before going to bed," he continued, drawing a huge, wicker-covered flask from beneath his pillow, "but I prefer to sleep with my nightcap under my head. There!" he said, presenting the flask, with a glass, to Hampstead, "you take the first verse and I'll take the second."

The dinner was an unquestionable success. The commissioned officer sat at the head of the table and said grace. Miss Jo sat at the foot and served coffee and the dessert. Aikins held up his end and reputation. Nothing was allowed to pass him without having his considerate attention. It was one of the times when Highland Special and Amontillado stood beside each plate, yet he ate as much as the commissioned officer and the accountant together. Good form prevented his doing more.

He rose from the table half regretfully. Still, he had managed fairly well, and felt that after a good Manila cheroot, he might enjoy a siesta on the mess-room lounge without fear of annoyance from the complainings of an unsatisfied hunger.

"Here, you fellows," said Gregson, when Aikins snore proclaimed the deep oblivion of his author to all his earthly surroundings, "I've a little conspiracy in



Aikins walked about the stockaded square in ecstasy.

hand against the Fat Boy, and I want your help."

"What's the plot?" asked Hampstead, whose ready interest in Aikins had been awakened by their joint recital of the morning. "Something lingering, with boiling oil at the end of it?"

"Yes, don't make the treatment too severe; let it be something light, like that. Or drop him out of the window or stretch him by the thumbs. But spare, O spare him the agony of a lost meal!" pleaded Jones.

"I'll do that all right. Leave things to me and keep quiet, everybody. I'll call on you when you're wanted." Then Gregson stole out of the room, singing softly:

"If I had a cow and she gave such milk, I'd fix her up in a seal-skin capote."

and tiptoed in again with a platter of cold moose mufles and tongues, which he set on the table, after the cook, who accompanied him, had spread a clean cloth upon it.

"Feed her on the choices, hay," hummed Gregson, as he placed a glass of crisp, white celery on the cloth.

"Feed her fifty times a day."

"And now, my gentleman adventurers of the land of the Aurora Borealis, supper is all ready on the hot train. Fly around, there, on your velvet rabbit feet, you sons of Hagar, and draw the blinds, while Muskawatie, in the white cap, lights the festal lamps and I hit the gong."

Outside, the sun was shining brightly on the clean snow, but for the Christmas matinee at The Ram-parts the simulation of night in the mess-room was altogether satisfactory. It was just an hour since dinner had been cleared away and the table was freighted with a second load of things good to eat. The clerks were seated around the freshly-laid cloth. The chief officer was not present; neither was Miss Jo, though she knew what was going forward and had received an invitation to the supper.

"I'll go," she said to herself, with a stamp of her small foot, "just to enjoy their discomfort when they find they can't make such a donkey of poor Mr. Aikins as they imagine. It's a mean, shameful conspiracy, however, that's what it is!" Then, a moment after, she added with a toss of her pretty golden head: "But if he could make such a—a—an animal of himself, I'd never look at him again—never!"

"Hi, there! Go in to sleep all night!"

"Guard turn out!"

"Give him the Loochoo yell!"

"Deserves to miss his supper!" The

last remark brought Aikins back to earth and on his feet like a cold water shock. He came over and took a chair at the table.

"Why, I declare," said he, "I'd no idea I'd slept so long. It seems only a few minutes since I lay down."

"Yes, it does seem as though it shouldn't be supper time hardly yet," agreed Gregson.

"O, I'm not kicking," remarked Aikins. "I'm hungry enough, as far as that goes."

Everybody took a helping of something. His own gastronomic interests so engrossed Aikins that he did not notice that the others made a mere feint of eating. "Where's the chief?" he asked suddenly, looking up with a wing of grouse in his fingers.

"Be here presently," answered Jones, and Aikins turned again to his grouse.

Miss Jo at this moment came in with her uncle. A quick glance at the table brought a heightened color to her cheek and an added sparkle to her eye. She signed to her uncle and he took his place at the head of the table, while she walked to the seat opposite him. Gregson, smiling cynically and evidently not over happy, sat on her right.

"What's your opinion of the foreign policy of the Kilekatats and the creature Man?" he drawled.

Her eyes snapped wickedly. "You're horrid!" she answered in a low tone.

"That's no discovery," Gregson assented cheerfully. "Always was. Why don't you tell me I'm something I never imagined; lovely, for example? Or lovable," he added suggestively, and with a languishing glance in her light blue eyes.

"You deserve to be punished," she went on, the trace of a smile just disclosing a glint of tiny white teeth, "and punished you shall be accordingly. It shall be the heaviest it is in my power to pronounce upon you, a life sentence. Are you pre-



pared?"

Gregson looked at her in real alarm. "You jest," he said earnestly.

She shook her head. "Indeed, I do not," she replied.

He caught her wrist beneath the table. "Don't!" he said, beseechingly. "O, don't. Spare me to-day, at least!"

Miss Jo raised her head and glanced over at Aikins; then she answered slowly: "Not an hour. I—"

Aikins was standing. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am sure you will all congratulate me on my good fortune when I tell you that Miss Vaughan has signified her assent to the announcement of our en—"

"I really do not know," broke in Miss Jo, hastily, rising and blushing furiously. "How Mr. Aikins could have made such a ridiculous mistake." She hesitated for an instant, blushing, if possible, more deeply than before. "Because—because I have just made up my mind to—to marry Mr. Gregson."

Gregson looked around at her in amazement as she sat down. "Speech! Speech!" came from all sides of the table.

He got up. "I assure you, gentlemen," he stammered, "this is a surprise—a very great surprise—happiness, I mean—most unexpected—quite—"

His voice was drowned in such exclamations as: "Oh!" "Hear! Hear!" "Ungracious wretch!" "Put him out!" "Dissemble!" "And this Christmas!"

It was idle to attempt to amend his stumbling utterances. He stood for a moment, speechless, covered with confusion. "O, hang it, you fellows, you know what I mean!" he cried, desperately, at length. Then, in the delirium of a new-found joy, he turned suddenly, caught Miss Jo's bright little head between his two hands and printed a sounding kiss upon her red lips. And as it seemed the most appropriate way of showing their appreciation of her conduct and their good will toward their fellow in the far trade, all the others, including Aikins, did the same.

Then Aikins returned to his afternoon supper. He had only one passion left now.

Toronto, Dec., 18.

You Can't Tell

You don't know when that cough will stop. The cough of consumption has just such a beginning. Take Scott's Emulsion now while the cough is easily managed.

A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on The Results of Laziness, a certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

A Fine Horse.

A PROMINENT English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes, when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balky animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees.

"What is the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found. A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by. This so impressed the landlord that he at once drove a bargain by which he secured the tenant's bare-backed beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped on to his new horse, and all went well until they came to a small stream, whereat the landlord's new nag immediately balked. A drive home with the spurs brought it again to its knees.

"Hello! what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship.

"True, my lord," was the ready reply; "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game."

Catarrh of the Stomach.

A PLEASANT, SIMPLE, BUT SAFE AND EFFECTUAL CURE FOR IT.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs, and difficult breathing; headaches, fickle appetite, nervousness and a general played out, languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlandson the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet composed of Diastase, Aseptic Pepsin, a little Nux, Glod Seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and not being a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Bocher of 2710 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition, resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom passing backward into the throat, reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach. Medical authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of stomach without cure; but to-day I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation, as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals. Send for little book (mailed free) on stomach troubles, by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

Couldn't Catch Mrs. Turveytop.

Mr. Turveytop has, up to very recently, considered himself quite clever, and nothing so pleases him as to get the best of some unsuspecting person. For a long time his wife had been in need of a new muff; and after hinting to her lord that her happiness would never be complete till she owned one, he at last decided to gratify her desire. So he went into a shop and picked out a couple, one of which was cheap and the other very expensive. Upon these he changed the

"I didn't know it was so late! Have you a telephone? I must say good-by to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the manoeuvres."

The Ambassador offered to do the telephoning, but the Emperor insisted upon doing the ringing and the hailing himself. Then, speaking to the Empress, he said:

"Don't be angry, dear. I chatted too long with Szogyeny, and must drive direct to the station, so I cannot give you my parting kiss, for which I am sorry. Good-by, dear."

Wholly Unkind.

"I wonder why it is," exclaimed Willie Washington, as he scanned the theater with the opera glass.

"Is your mind puzzled again?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes; there is Miss Prudington in that same seat."

"Is her escort that scared-looking young man with his hair plastered over his temples?" she asked, restraining an impulse to look around.

"Yes."

"Is the seat away back by the wall?"

"Yes. It isn't what I'd call a good place at all. You can't see all that takes place on the stage. I should think he'd have taken care to procure a better place."

"It's not his fault. He'd get the seats wherever he wished. There is a radiator right behind those seats."

"Is there? That's calculated to make it still more undesirable. It's making her face red already."

"Have you observed the character of many of the plays we have been getting of late?"

"You mean as to—er—"

"Their riskiness—yes. That explains why she probably picks out that warm place. She's afraid she mightn't blush."—Washington Star.

The Bad Boy.

Philadelphia Call.

The magician was making a one-night stand in a little Jersey town. He had been performing for an hour and had his audience in good humor. It was "with him" in everything, and when he pulled

The coming generation will have fewer skin diseases, because so many mothers are using

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MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

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price-tickets, putting the cheap price-mark on the expensive muff, and vice versa, and then took them home.

For a long time his wife pondered, and at last said: "Now, dear, the expensive muff is a beauty, and it is really very good of you to allow me my choice. Some women would take it without a word, but really I don't think we can afford the more costly one; and, besides, I think the cheap one is more stylish, too. Why, dear, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

But "dear" had fled into the night, where, unseen, he could abuse himself to his heart's content.—E.R.

Anticipating the Empress.

The salient point to note in the following story, now creating much amusement in the Old World, is the striking resemblance Germany's Kaiser bears to less illustrious husbands in his quickness to explain, excuse and make amends for a shortcoming before his wife has a chance to question him about it.

Not long before he started on his journey to the Holy Land, he paid an unexpected morning visit to the Austrian Ambassador, Herr von Szogyeny-Marich, and after seating himself comfortably in an armchair, His Majesty said:

"Come and have a chat."

The conversation which followed was most entertaining, and when the Emperor thought of the time, he suddenly jumped up, looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"I didn't know it was so late! Have you a telephone? I must say good-by to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the manoeuvres."

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the bad boy of the town up on the stage a general laugh followed.

"Are you sure, my lad, that all your pockets are empty?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir," answered the youngster, "for the rabbit that you put in me coat before de show got away."

Judge—You are accused of stealing six reams of paper, three gallons of ink and five gross of pens. What have you to say? Prisoner—Your honor, I am a novelist, and I was merely collecting material for a new story.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of teething? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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The train leaving Toronto at 6:00 p.m., Hamilton at 7:15 p.m., by the Grand Trunk, carrying through buffet sleeper via the West Shore Railroad, now reaches New York at 9:30 following morning, thirty minutes earlier than heretofore. Try it. Return train leaves New York (Franklin street 7:30 p.m., 42nd street 7:45 p.m.); arrives Hamilton 10:15 a.m., Toronto 11:15 a.m. Ask Grand Trunk agents for particulars, or address H. Parry, 388 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cut Glass Christmas Gifts

We have a splendid range of very handsome sets and odd pieces from the finest American and English cutters. They are all the very newest designs and very choice, and from no stock could one select more appropriate Christmas gifts than from these. Will you look at them?

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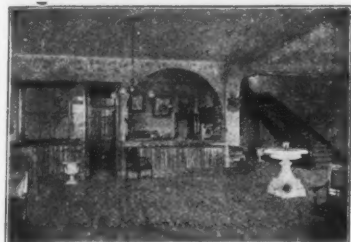
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After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected. In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
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P. D. Corsets

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split at the seams or tear in the fabric.

Made in fashionable colors and shades in Silk, Satin and French Coutil.

Long and short waists. All sizes. At best Dry-goods stores everywhere.

\$1. to \$30 a pair.

Cleaning Kid Gloves

It's not that ladies' kid gloves—good gloves—wear out quickly; but they do soil with the wear. Our methods of cleaning gloves are such as to restore them to the wearer good as new, with no objectionable odor attached—and the cost only a trifle.

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Head Office & Works—787-791 Yonge St. Toronto. Branches—59 King St. West, 201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1367 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
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BUY Coleman's Salt
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Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

UNMANNERLY MEN.

Late at Dinners and Other Functions—Bachelors More Selfish Than Married Men.



HERE were six of them, and they were all talking at once, but an expert stenographer could catch the more important statements made by each. "I haven't given one dinner this season when somebody hasn't been late. Women are never late when the occasion is a formal one, and it's the men who give us the trouble. But we can't do without them, so what can we do about it all? They know this, and I think that accounts for their carelessness about being punctual. A hostess can excuse a guest for being late at any form of entertainment save a dinner; but this frequently spoils the dinner, and always puts the cook into a temper. On the whole, I think bad manners are often more offensive than bad morals. I can think of nothing that irritates me so much as to have a man come walking in twenty minutes or more after your dinner hour."

"I don't know but what you are right," remarked the elderly woman.

"Men are getting more and more careless in this particular," chimed in a little brunette in a pink waist. "They are late at luncheons, teas, receptions, card parties, dinners, the theater, the opera, everywhere. Actually the other afternoon, when I gave that formal reception from four to six—you were all there—half a dozen or more men came in at seven, when we were dining. The hall boy simply told them that we were dining and later would go to the opera, took their cards and dismissed them. Married men aren't to be blamed, for they are rarely guilty of this breach of etiquette. Young men and old bachelors are the ones who are at fault."

You see when a man's married his wife keeps him up to the mark and reminds him that he must be punctual in his social life. It's queer, but as soon as a girl becomes engaged to a man she begins to feel responsible for his manners. Single men, unengaged single men, are the offenders, and I wish with all my heart that they could know just what we think of their bad manners."

"I wish with all my heart that there was a school where they could go and take courses of lessons in manners," suggested one woman who had said little before. "They need instruction on the subject of why one should be punctual at dinner parties. Really, I think most men who make a practice of being late are ignorant. At any rate that is the kindest construction to put on their fault. There was a time when it was said that women could never be on time, but we never were late at dinners and other formal entertainments as men are. Our sin was in being so unpunctual about keeping engagements with one another and business people. Yes, really, I think a school of manners for men wouldn't be bad."

"Manners can't be learned," said the elderly woman. "A school of this sort would do no good. Men might go there and get a sort of veneer, but that always wears off, you know. Only real gems take a high polish."

"It is true, I know," she went on to say, "that good manners can come only from a good heart, but all the same it is true. You say that these tardy guests, who give you so much trouble, are nearly all unmarried men. Haven't you found out long ago that unmarried men are far more selfish, as a rule, than married ones? A man who is deliberately late at a dinner party is a selfish man. I don't care who he is. He keeps a small or a large number of people, as the case may be, waiting for him, all for a whim on his part or through carelessness. Some people are prone to excuse others on the ground of thoughtlessness; thoughtlessness in any form is selfishness. Unselfish people are rarely thoughtless. The tardy guest not only makes a large number of other guests uncomfortable, but frequently causes his hostess a great deal of trouble. She plans a delicious dinner, consisting largely, perhaps, of dishes that require just so much cooking. She has invited her guests say at 7 o'clock, and of course expects to sit down at the table at that hour, and gives her orders to the cook accordingly. Some guest is late, and the soup or entree or birds or something or other gets overdone as a result. Men don't stop to think of these things; women do."

"But what can we hostesses do to remedy this growing fault on the part of man?" asked the hostess.

"Crime, you mean," corrected one.

"Do tell us," said the others.

"It is a hard fault to correct," answered the elderly woman. "Real friendship can bear almost anything. If a real friend is the offender you feel that you cannot give up his friendship for so small a thing as being late at dinner; the offence seems insignificant from that view point. Not so with a mere social acquaintance. Let me give a brief chapter from my experience which will perhaps help you. Man has always been predestined, I'll say out of goodness of heart, to be late at dinner occasionally at his own home and at the homes of others. You know best how to deal with him in the first case, for it has to be done individually. When a guest is late at one of your dinner parties I say act differently. Men aren't any more tardy than they've always been. I had the same trouble when I was a young housekeeper. I have it now, but I've risen above being disturbed by such things. How? Just in this way: When a real friend was so rude as to keep me and other guests waiting an unconscionably long time I let him know, as only we women can communicate such things, that my friendship was strong enough to

survive such thoughtless and selfish lack of breeding on his part, but that it had lost much of its sweetness and joy. As for mere pleasant social acquaintances who offended in this way, I cut them off without another invitation. As my bad little grandsons say, 'There are others.' These things are known now among my friends and in my social world, and no guest is ever late at one of my dinners—not even when transportation is blocked by tons of snow."

The Sweetest of Lullabies.

(Translated from the German.)
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is tending his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Persian Views of Us.

THE Britisher is so very well satisfied with his habits and customs that he would probably be vastly surprised to learn of the views taken of some of his doings by people unaccustomed to them. In a new book, *Persian Life and Customs*, this is well brought out. The author says that the common soldiers of that country supposed that the English practice of firing a salute at the burial of a soldier had for its object the driving away of devils. He gives further instances:

"A village soldier asked me if I knew of dog-worshippers. I told him I had heard of fire-worshippers, cow-worshippers and the like, but not of dog-worshippers. He said he had seen some in Teheran. Some foreigners there had fed dogs at their tables, and washed and clothed them, fondled them in their laps, and taken them riding in their carriages; were they not dog-worshippers?"

"An English sea-captain, whose ship touched at Bushire, took a horseback ride through the streets of the city, but made so poor a display of horsemanship as to astonish and amuse the people. The next day a vendor of fruits came on board the ship and said to the captain:

"I have made such an explanation as to free you from all reproach. There is no one who does not think that you are an expert rider, as becomes one of a nation of horsemen."

"And how did you do that?" asked the captain.

"I told them you were drunk."

Revised Geography.

"Williams," asked the instructor, "which is the largest island in the world?"

"It's either Asia or Africa," replied the young man to whom the question was addressed.

"I am speaking of islands, Williams. Those are continents."

"I think not, sir," drawled Williams. "When the Suez Canal was cut, it made islands of both of 'em, sir. Come to think of it, sir, the largest is Asia and Europe. It's all one piece of ground."

"What do they mean by 'tacking'?" asked a young woman on her first sail, of a young woman who was on her second.

"Why," said the wise one, in a careful whisper, "tacking is just—just sailing on the bias, Helen."

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you points.

An Indian Waiter.

Every Restaurant Should Have at Least One.

THERE are patrons of every restaurant and hotel who seem to have formed the habit of complaining and looking with disgust upon whatever dish is set before them, as if to convey the impression that usually the needs of these persons are catered to by the greatest chef that ever lived. If a story told by the *Chicago Times-Herald* is true, it would seem that the way to correct all this is to secure waiters from the Indian reservations. The lack of courtesy in waiters is of course proverbial on this side of the pond, yet there are customers whose attitude may be said to provoke all the worst possibilities of waiters. It was by a sort of chance that Indians were tried as waiters.

In a small town in Nebraska the girl waiters at the tavern all left to go to a new hotel in a neighboring town, and as no other help was available the landlord was forced to do the waiting himself until he thought of the Indians at the reservation. He promptly hired four of them, but as the Indian has no idea of time they did not get around to the tavern the next day until the breakfast hour was over, and all the guests save one had eaten. He was a drummer for a New York house, and is known in the West as a great grumbler.

When he appeared in the dining-room, the landlord urged forward the man he had been training.

"Take his order, Jim," he said, "and give him a glass of ice water."

The Indian managed to take the order correctly, and carried it in and served it; then he took his stand at the back of the guest's chair, as he had been instructed to do.

But the drummer was in a bad temper, and declared in no complimentary way that he would not be served by an Indian. At that the grim statue at his back whipped out a savage-looking knife, and holding it over the head of the grumbler, he said, with Choctaw brevity:

"You eat."

And eat the drummer did, flesh and fowl, not daring to move a muscle, while the unwavering arm held the knife within an inch of his head; and it was not until he had eaten everything in sight that his predicament was discovered and he was rescued in a state verging on collapse.

British Cant.

The London County Council has refused the license of the Queen's Hall, where every Sunday "paying" concerts were held. It appears that religious feeling would have been shocked at the continuation of this mercenary business on Sundays. There are, however, means of conciliating this spirit of British cant. In Scotland, for instance, a jobmaster will not let out a carriage on Sundays. That would be sacrilege. But if the carriage has been ordered and paid for the day before, he will allow it to be used. Thus is the sin of doing business on Sunday avoided.—*Le Petit Bleu* (Brussels).

Only Two Realities.

Billy—So yer didn't git nuthin' but a jack knife and a sled for Christmas? Tommy—Yes. Dat's all I got worth speaking of. Dere wuz a suit uv clothes, and a overcoat, and a bat or two, and some underclothes, and a bible, and a book uv poems, and some stockin's, and gloves, and collars, and cuffs, and a few other trifles like dat, not worth speaking of.—*Puck*.

An Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends the evenings when he is away from home. This decision is all right to a certain extent, but suppose the man doesn't know?—*Ex.*

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And Never Grows Older



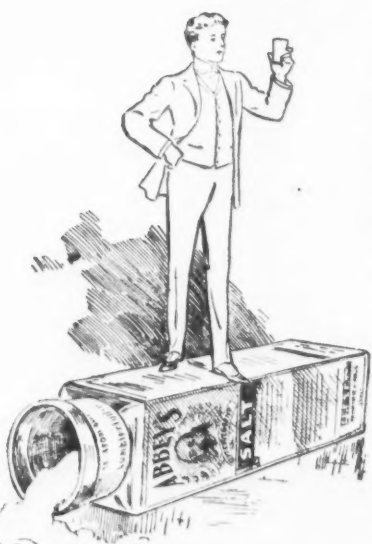
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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MR. HALL CAINE, in a long article in the New York Herald, discusses the stage in America. "Speaking for myself," he says, "I have no grievance against the star system, and the only star I have been immediately concerned with during my visit to America has been her trying position with the utmost artistic unselfishness and charm, but I will risk all misunderstanding and say at once that your American star system as a whole is not good for the production of good plays. I will even risk all small witticisms and say that if you must have the star system, the best thing that can happen for the American drama is that you should 'star' the American dramatist. That is a condition that is coming in any case.

"I think I see a time not far in the future when the dramatist will be the master of the theater, just as he was in the best days of the drama, both in England and in France. The dramatist will be the rallying point of public interest, as actors and actresses now are. When he has once established his right to be heard he will be engaged by business men for terms of years to write plays for a particular theater and the theater itself will be called by his name. The extraordinary disproportion of his present position will in the near future be altered by a violent change, and when the dramatist has come into his own again the drama will live and grow.

"It can hardly be hurtful, even for an English dramatist, to say that the American stage seems to be strangely dependent on the contemporary French and English drama. Traveling through your country, I was constantly impressed by this fact. Nearly all your country playbills bore the names of French and English plays and playwrights, and the picture posters everywhere depicted French and English scenes. Naturally, I can have nothing but warm feelings towards the liberality which enables you to accept English dramatists with as much brotherly goodwill as if they had been born and bred among yourselves, but I am none the less amazed that a country so full of romance, of wonder, of surprise, of scenic splendors, of varying and conflicting races, of many tongues and many dialects, of extreme wealth and extreme poverty, should lack for dramatists to present this vast mine of dramatic wealth upon the stage. Some representative plays I know you have, and no one admires these few products of your dramatic genius more

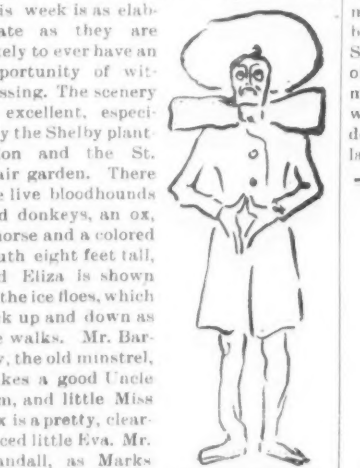
without the saving sense, is nature with the humanity scratched out.

Mr. Augustus Billings was the possessor of a wife and a mother-in-law. This is usually supposed to be sufficient in everyday life, but Mr. Billings, being in a farce, was not satisfied. Under the name of Mr. Johnson he "carried on" with another man's wife, as, in farces, is the customary thing for husbands to do. To explain his necessary absences from home he was under the necessity of inventing a sugar plantation in Cuba, and the first thing he knew he was taking his wife and her mother off to Cuba to inspect it. He had a friend in Santiago and he trusted to being able to borrow his farm for a couple of weeks. Generally speaking, if a farce contains a humorous character, as distinguished from the many who merely get into grotesque situations, it is a very good farce indeed. Too Much Johnson contains Mr. Billings, who, if not exactly a funny man, is one of the coolest and most ingenious liars that ever got himself into a farcical complication. Nothing whatever disturbed that man. He could tell an appalling falsehood in one breath and plausibly contradict himself by another in the next. He could lie everybody else into a seething whirl of perplexity, without turning a hair—at least with one exception, and the exception is a characteristic incident. The husband of the "other" lady had tracked the "destroyer of his home," as he severely put it, to the ship on which were the Billingses. His sole clue for recognizing his man was the top of a torn photograph, just showing the forehead and hair of the gentleman, who, needless to say, was Mr. Billings. The husband, a Frenchman, was bound to take off the hat and examine the head of every man on the ship. "Half a minute," said Billings; "my wife's calling me. Don't go away—mind, don't go away." He runs to the top of the companionway, and carrying on a monologue with a fictitious party on deck, snips off his front curls with a pair of pocket scissors. His identity is now, of course, perfectly safe. It never takes much to mislead the wronged husband in the first act. He can't be said to be really hot on the trail until pretty well through the third, and then—poetic justice to the contrary—comes the climax, when he is thrown off the scent altogether. Well, Mr. Billings lies steadily through the three acts, lies himself over the difficulty of his friend having sold the plantation to the overseer, lies left and right, up and down, and speaks the truth to nobody but himself.

The Cummings Stock Company have imported some new stock for this and subsequent productions. Mr. Huntington (Mr. Billings) is a fine-looking man and a clever actor. While his voice doesn't carry so well as it might at times, it is a very pleasant one, and he is a very attractive personality. Miss Florida Kingsley, the ingenue, who had a cold on Monday, is another importation. She promises to be as engaging a little thing as an ingenue should and is intended to be, when she recovers from the cold in her pretty little head.

The oftener I see the big spectacular and dramatic productions of Uncle Tom's Cabin the more I wonder why they didn't make dear little Eva a present of a quart bottle of cod liver oil. Surely a child as far advanced as she was, she was worth preserving. But they just kept her and moralized over her, although she told them plainly she was going to die, and gave her parents and Uncle Tom and the rest the family bible as words of advice. It was very careless of them, for as far as I could see they didn't even get in that foolish hope, a doctor, to feel her pulse and make her put out her tongue. I don't believe it is known to this day just what little Eva died of. She just pined away. Now it is an acknowledged nineteenth century fact that cod liver oil is the only sure cure for pining, and the St. Clair's, as educated people, should have been aware of that.

However, for those who want to see Uncle Tom's Cabin in dramatic form, the production at the Toronto Opera House



this week is as elaborate as they are likely to ever have an opportunity of witnessing. The scenery is excellent, especially the Shelby plantation and the St. Clair garden. There are live bloodhounds and donkeys, an ox, a horse and a colored youth eight feet tall, and Eliza is shown on the ice floes, which rock up and down as she walks. Mr. Barlow, the old minstrel, makes a good Uncle Tom, and little Miss Fox is a pretty, clear-voiced little Eva. Mr. Grandall, as Marks the lawyer, has charge of the interpolated comedy, and he makes the most of it. The show concludes with a gorgeous scenic conception of the place where it is inferred little Eva has gone to.

Mr. Willard has commissioned Louis Parker to write for him a play with Sir Roger de Coverley as the central figure. The Academy says that so far as is known Sir Roger has never appeared on the English boards. It is certain that Mr.

Dorman wrote a dramatic entertainment entitled Sir Roger de Coverley; or, Merry Christmas, that was published in 1740, but the work was never acted. A play with the same subject was written for the famous Mrs. Oldfield, who did not live long enough to be seen in it, and the notorious Dr. Dodd is also said to have taken Sir Roger as the hero of a comedy, which he completed in Newgate.

Hall Caine says that he will remember the cordiality of his greeting in the United States. Among others, he will not forget the conductor on a Broadway street car. "He was a boy of twenty, with clear, bright eyes and a laughing mouth, and as I got on to the car he looked me over from head to foot. 'Will this car take me to Fifty-sixth street?' I said. He didn't reply to my question, but asked me another instead. 'Are you Hall Caine?' he said. 'Yes—will it?' I asked. Again he did not reply, but holding out a grimy hand he said, 'Shake!'"

Mr. Charles Coghlan, the distinguished English actor, will present The Royal Box at the Grand Opera House next week, with matinees on Monday and Saturday. The Royal Box was written by Mr. Coghlan, although it is announced as an adaptation of the famous old Dumas play of Kean, written by the great French novelist in 1836. It is more in the nature of a play inspired by an older production than an adaptation as this term is generally understood. The Royal Box, about which is centered the chief incident of the play, and from which it takes its title, is one of the regular stage boxes of the theater, decorated most elaborately and surmounted with the royal arms of England. The production here is exactly as that employed in New York. The three hundredth performance of The Royal Box will be given on Wednesday night, and each lady holding a red-

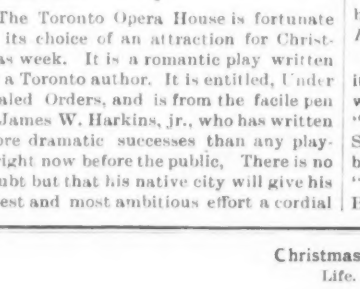


served seat coupon will be presented with a handsome jewel box. On Thursday evening a special train will bring down a contingent from Hamilton. Mr. Robson, a resident of that city, is in Mr. Coghlan's company this season playing The Prince of Wales.

The Mandarin was presented at the Grand on Wednesday afternoon and evening by the Hamilton Opera Company, a clever amateur organization. The Mandarin was an emphatic success in their hands in Hamilton, and the Company was induced to come to Toronto in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. The idea was a worthy one and worthily carried out. Following is the cast:

The Emperor of China—Charles Spalding
The Mandarin of Foo Chow—James M. Kerr
Fan Tan (a vagabond)—W. E. Ramsey
Hog Sing (an actor)—Ernest T. Martin
Fai Fung (a companion)—George Ide
Wun Wing—J. of Fan Tan—J. D. Beach
Fong Long, the Herald—T. H. Hayhurst
Jailer—J. of Fan Tan—J. D. Beach
Court Physician—W. McArthur
Kwei Tso, the Mandarin's valet—E. Porter
Jesse, Fan Tan's wife—Miss Racie Boehmer
Ting Ling, the favorite wife of the Mandarin—Mrs. A. W. Palmer
Sing Lo, the Mandarin's chamberlain—Mrs. H. W. Donahille
Peppe, the Mandarin's wife—Miss Gertrude Egan
Qinglong, the Mandarin's wife—Miss Bella Marks
Hi Ti (a twin son of the)—Misses Tom and Witi—F. of Fan Tan—J. D. Beach
Mandarin's wives—Mrs. Vanderlip, Miss Valance, Miss Shoots, Miss Barr, Miss Kennedy, Miss Bartman, Miss Costigan, Miss A. South-erland, Miss Stafford.
Mandarin's nurse—Miss Grey, Miss Farmer, Miss May Farmer, Miss Tovel, Miss John-on, Miss N. Stafford, Miss L. Britton, Miss Allen, Miss L. Tovel.
Dancers of the Imperial court—Miss Annie Beattie, Miss Frankie Schelter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, Miss Grace Doyle, Miss Marie Partridge, Miss Nellie Egan, Miss Hannah Harris, Miss Muriel Doyle, Miss May Mathie-son.
Emperor's body guard—J. Taylor, A. E. Marinette, A. P. Goering, H. Wil on, T. Williamson, James Jardine, J. Mathews, H. Webster, L. Adison, H. Barrett, W. Sweeney, T. Sweeney.

The Toronto Opera House is fortunate in its choice of an attraction for Christmas week. It is a romantic play written by a Toronto author. It is entitled, Under Sealed Orders, and is from the facile pen of James W. Harkins, Jr., who has written more dramatic successes than any playwright now before the public. There is no doubt but that his native city will give his latest and most ambitious effort a cordial



welcome. Under Sealed Orders is a stirring story of the English secret service, the theme with the adventures of a member of that body in Algeria, whither he goes under sealed orders to recover jewels that have been purloined by a notorious French criminal named Andre Sanson. The scenes of the play take place in London and Algeria, a fact which furnishes excellent opportunity for spectacular scenic display. The scenic effects are said to be surpassing in their beauty. The costumes are gorgeous, and there is a complete harmony of detail in the entire production. The comedy element is furnished by a quaint group of immensely humorous characters. The capable cast is headed by that clever young actor, Mr. Maurice Freeman. The scenery was painted by J. H. Young and Claude Hagen of the Broadway Theater, New York. There will be a special Christmas matinee next Monday. The regular matinees will be on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Hall Caine expects to receive for his new novel, The Drunkard, a larger price than has ever before been paid for a work of fiction. The English and American rights to The Drunkard have netted him fifty thousand dollars.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist, and Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, are to adapt Gilbert Parker's The Battle of the Strong for the stage.

The Mikado has just been sung for the first time in Italian, after having been translated into every other European tongue.

The Cummings Stock Company will produce Roland Reed's Lend Me Your Wife next week at the Princess.

Conan Doyle's new play for the London Garrick will be called Share and Share.

The Mirror and the Maid.

T. W. H. Croftland, in the Domes.

The maid looked into the mirror, and the mirror said, "Thou art fair."

"Flatterer!" answered the maid.

But later she went out, and met one who spoke unto her, saying, "Sweet-heart, thou art fair—fairer than queens or saints, or any that have beauty."

And at night the maid looked again into the mirror, and whispered, "Verily, there is truth in thee!"

"Ay, and for all that," replied the mirror, "this morning it was 'Flatterer'! and I will be sworn that in years to come thou shalt say to me, 'Liar!'"

"Nose Convention" Proposed.

Nasography is the latest branch of scientific research to occupy the attention of the foreign savans. There is a movement on foot in Austria, the home of the most celebrated nasographers, to hold a grand "nose convention" yearly. The study of the nose as an indication of character has made rapid strides in Austria of late, although the devotees of the new science have been subjected to no end of ridicule. The adept holds that "the nose is the man."

Historical characters with prominent nasal organs have been carefully studied with a view to the promulgation of certain foundation principles of the new science. Thus, for instance, Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth of England are frequently cited to show that the arched nose is a mark of cruelty; St. Vincent de Paul to prove that the cloven nasal organ is a sign of benevolence; Caesar and Napoleon to show that the long nose is the mark of military genius, and so on down the list.

If a man is lucky he never speaks of the proverbial luck of fools.

She—Do you think a man can serve two masters? He—No; he gets arrested for bigamy if he tries it.—Larks.

Friend—What style of architecture did you say your house was to be? Mr. Crewe Doyle—Italian reminiscence is what the architect calls it.—Puck.

"Do you have any rule to regulate shaking hands?" "Well, I never shake hands with any man oftener than he shakes hands with me."—Chicago Record.

Spain might try a few centuries of Monroe doctrine for the recuperation of her exhausted energies. Our copyright on it seems to have expired.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What frauds these beggars are! I just met a blind one who said, 'Please give me a few pennies, pretty lady!'" "Perhaps he only said that so you would be sure to believe he was blind!"—Lustige Blatter.

"Say," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "was it Poe, Tennyson or Longfellow who wrote that ode to the laundry girls?" "Perhaps you are alluding to Hood's Song of the Shirt," said the literary boarder. "No," said the Cheerful Idiot, "I mean that one about Wring Out, Wild Bells."—Indianapolis Journal.

Christmas Eve.

Life.

"Auntie, dear, may I borrow one of your stockings?"

Some Notes on Gotham.

BY ORLECOIGNE.

TO those who merely pass through New York on their way to England or elsewhere, or stop over a day or so on matters of business, it would be hard to believe how fascinating a place it is to visit; there is always so much to see and do that time flies alarmingly quickly and the day of departure draws near before one has half accomplished all one wishes to do. The rush and scurry of life in that great metropolis may be detrimental to one's health, but it is unquestionably exhilarating and enlivening; one feels one lives, not only exists! The mighty impetus at work everywhere which allows of no stagnation seems to reflect itself in greater and lesser degree on all who come within its influence, and the feeling of progressiveness, so obvious in every class of life, must of necessity serve to broaden one's mind and lift one from the danger of traveling along life's highway in too illiberal and narrow a groove. The multitude of people that one comes in contact with at almost every turn is really amazing, and cannot fail to be of interest to those who are prone to study human nature. Although the predominant spirit of the day would appear to be business and money-making, yet New Yorkers are also keen about their amusements, and are great theater-goers.

A few weeks since, when I was fortunate enough to spend some time in going about from one place of interest to another in this fascinating place, one and all of the many fine theaters were filled to overflowing, and it was hard, indeed, to procure good seats at the favorite ones unless it was done many days in advance. While Richard Mansfield was holding sway at the Garden Theater in that great play, Cyrano de Bergerac, it was well-nigh impossible to get seats, and the shortness of his engagement was a source of very great disappointment to many. Then John Drew was drawing crowded houses at the Empire Theater, Broadway and 10th street, where he was playing in The Liars, which is not only a most amusing play, but has a strong moral tone. The whole company was very good, indeed. John Drew appeared to advantage both in the comical situations in which he finds himself entangled, and in the manly, forcible manner in which he extricates his friend from ruining the woman he loves and all his own future prospects in life. I am told that this play, which is attributed to Arthur Jones, was in reality written by one who is now under a cloud, but who really ought to have the credit of being the author. Sothen, then playing at the Lyceum Theater, 4th avenue, both in The Adventure of Lady Ursula and The Colonial Girl, is always a perfect and finished lover on the stage.

Another play of much interest I was fortunate enough to witness was Lavedan's Catharine at the Garrick Theater, in which Annie Russell as Catharine and Mrs. Le Moyne as the Duchess were most successful actresses. Mrs. Le Moyne is one who holds one's attention whenever she appears on the stage, is a splendid-looking, womanly woman, and possesses the gift of personal magnetism in no small degree.

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Some Notes on Gotham.

BY ORLECOIGNE.



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FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER; OR, THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

Translated from the French for Saturday Night, by Lally Bernard.

I was with rapidly beating heart that I stepped from the carriage at the door of Henry's house, this same house that I had helped him to decorate and prepare for the reception of the young sovereign who, with him, was to rule over its affairs with despotic, though gentle, sway. I had not seen my comrade for fifteen years, having left for my Eastern tour the day after his marriage, when I bade him adieu, knowing him to be the happiest man on God's earth, full of hopes for the future, fully content with the present, with no other thought than the home and its new treasure, the charms and goodness of whom he never ceased to talk to me of during the hour he had stolen from his happiness to pass with me before my train started.

We had been comrades since childhood, sharing sports, dangers, reveries and aspirations, with a freedom of intercourse which had rendered life charming. I left him with the happy assurance that he was suited to fill to perfection the triple rôle of husband, father and master of a well ordered establishment.

I rang, the door was opened by an elderly woman, who instantly exclaimed, "Miseau! Is it really you? You don't know me."

"Why, Madelon," I cried, in my turn, recognizing the old servant. "But good soul, have you been ill?"

Madelon smiled. "Ah, Miseau, just the universal malady, fifteen years and ever on my feet; but Miseau must not think that will prevent my still being able to make his favorite buckwheat cakes." These were Madelon's great forte and I assured her that time had not spoiled my appetite for them.

"But, Madelon, tell me, Master Henry, how is he?"

"Ah, quite well, and like Miseau has forgotten to grow old. How glad he will be to see you. He never misses speaking of Miseau when I serve one of your favorite dishes. Please walk upstairs. Madame and Miseau Henry are in the blue room, the nuptial chamber, as you and Miseau Henry used to call it. Ah, but you were droll in those days, Miseau Louis; but now I find you have a graver expression."

Madelon had always found something droll in the word "nuptial" and had not managed to pronounce it without difficulty. For fifteen years the good soul had continued to laugh at the joke she could not explain. The dear old body prattled on, stopping to take breath at every few steps. (I remember when she bounded up two steps at a time, as we did.)

"Youth is droll with its quips and jibes. How you and Miseau Henry made one laugh. Perhaps you will cheer us a bit now; but, no, no, it is not the same to-day. Time has brought so many troubles and care has made her nest among us, so that we are oftentimes sad without knowing why. It gets into the blood, Miseau, and I am afraid even buckwheat cakes will not taste as good as they did in the old days."

Madelon's gait and philosophy accorded too well not to impress me to a certain extent, and I felt myself grown suddenly older in this house, on these stairs, which I had bounded up so gaily with light heart and supple limbs in days of yore.

Madelon had laid on my shoulders the burden of those fifteen years.

I entered the blue room unannounced; Henry instantly flew to meet me. He had not changed; the same sparkling eyes and warm heart that attracted me so in the old days. A moment later and it seemed I did not recognize him. The straight slender figure was thickened and bent; his speech so slow, where formerly it had been so rapid. Time had thinned his hair and lined his brow, once so serene. His expression was that of a man who had regarded life with too earnest a gaze. I remembered the Henry of old swayed by an overmastering sense of the ridiculous. He used to exclaim: "I am possessed of a demon of ridicule that makes me see the grimaces of those who weep, just the same if they be strangers or my nearest and dearest."

Ah! there was no need to ask for a record of these intervening years to know that he in his turn had wept, and that the strain of levity being subdued the flame of laughter was forever extinguished.

Henry's wife and I had met seldom in the past, consequently it was with difficulty she recalled my face and name. I, on my part, spoke to her without recognizing the vision which had remained to me of a dainty fairytale figure in gauzy draperies, crowned with flowers, approaching reality with smiling lips, by the verdant roads of springtime; a heart unsullied which could not conceive alarms, eyes in whose limpid depths no sorrow lurked, ears which had listened alone to sweet sounds, hands which had only gathered bouquets of sweet flowers, all the promise of life before her—so she appeared to me on her wedding morning.

Christian woman, yet child in her simplicity, serious because she believed, happy because she loved, radiant because she ignored.

After fifteen years this was a wife aged by household cares, a daughter in mourning for her mother, a mother mourning for her children. The pale face was marked less by the flight of years than by the tears which had furrowed the once softly rounded cheeks.

In her heart submissive to her cross, she stifled in her soul the inconsolable cry of Rachel; formerly we called her "Stella Matutina," now, alas, she was "Mater Dolorosa."

Henry asked his wife to bring the one child left them that I might see him. As she left the room I glanced about me and my eyes fell on the image of Our Lady of Sorrows. I hardly recognized the blue room, and when I had finished my scrutiny

THE SONG OF THE SEA

By Franklin Godby

Sun on the wave and sun on the shore,
But the ocean sorrows for evermore!
Dimpling in havens or lashed to surge,
Wooing or wounding its rocky verge,
Ever it chants its susurrant dirge!
Ever the salt sea travails! Why?
Hark to the ocean! She makes reply:

"Oh well for the river, broad and strong;
Nurturing meadows it rolls along!
And well for the riotous little rills,
And the busy brooks that turn the mills,
And the blue lakes nestling among the hills!
My innocent children! I, alone,
I, your mother, it is, make moan!

"For I am the Ancient Murderess,
Ever killing where I should bless!
Early I wrested my toll of blood,
Strangling this planet with a flood!
The man in his flower, the child in the bud,
The beast and the serpent lay lifeless and prone,
And the earth was thrall at my hideous throne!

"Ever I deemed his cause the right
Who had the fiercest joy to smite!
And blood and fire and piracy
Drew never a ruthless word from me,
And I watched men walk the plank, with glee,
And virgins ravished, with never a groan!
And such are the horrors that I have sown!

"The long summer day I wimple and smile,
Charming my quarry with languorous guile;
But night comes and darkness! Then why should I smirk?
I call forth my tempests wherever they lurk!
I loose all my devils and set them to work
And they bludgeon the ship on some treacherous stone!
And thus do I gather my own, my own!

"Down in the depths they sink alike
Guilty and innocent! Both I strike!
I stifle the mother in billows dark!
I feed the babe to the tiger shark!
And, if I am merciful, corpses stark
On the jagged headlands are rudely blown
Of ravenous coasts in lands unknown!

"With Heaven and Hell I am equally kin,
An angel without, but a fiend within!
My innermost being with foulness is fraught;
In the ooze and the slime of that nethermost grot
The devil fish welters and dead men rot,
While minnows mumble the flesh from the bone,
And over the pestilent posset I drone!"

Sun on the wave and sun on the shore,
But the ocean sorrows for evermore!
And her quivering heart sends a piteous prayer
To the courts of Heaven, "Spare, oh spare
Thy valorous men and the women fair
Whose souls, unshriven, throng me have flown!
For their sins, oh God, let their death atone!"

Toronto, Dec., '98.



I said sadly:

"Ah! Henry, everything is changed; all is so different; only your good heart remains as of old."

"Yes," he remarked, "the room has changed; the spiritual has replaced the poetical in decoration. Little by little, Louis, the tastes of the heart have been replaced by those of the soul. Neither you nor I thought of the Crucifix; there it hangs in the niche formerly occupied by the statue of Diana of the Chase. When Death entered this room with lighted torch she brought us no consolation. After the death of our eldest child I gave my wife that image of the Sorrowing Mother, which replaced I have forgotten what poetic group in marble. Over the toilet table where the Watteau Scene formerly hung is the picture of my father's grave, surrounded by the first trees I planted. Those other pictures are portraits of the dear ones who remain to us; those whose care and tenderness have been ours in many a sad hour. That tiny medallion of a Winged Cherub is the second child God took to himself, our dear little Therese; dying she lisped, 'God, God, where is God?' I want to go to 'him.' With her went the remnants of my wife's happiness."

Henry's eyes filled with tears, while I silently regarded the sad souvenirs, too moved to speak. My old comrade, divining my thoughts, continued, as he grasped my hand:

"Yes, dear Louis, see what, as Madelon calls it, a nuptial chamber becomes as the years roll by—the memorial of sorrows written by the finger of Death." But he added, "By the blessing of the eternal Christ, neither infamy, aversion nor despair has entered here, and we realize that sorrow is oft-time an angel of mercy, increasing confidence, love and peace."

Toronto, Dec., '98.

The Face in the Audience.

By Marshall P. Wilder.

THIS is just a little story, between ourselves, of a poor boy and an actor and a kindly look that the latter once sent to the former—and the value of it. The poor boy was in London trying to make a living by making people laugh. Of course I am that same boy, but I would rather use "he" in this story and so avoid those horrible capital I's that always stick up in autobiographies, like so many mile posts of egotism.

Now, the poor boy was very poor, indeed, and although he had been born with a happy disposition, the London fog and the empty pockets and the hunger rather got the better of his spirits for a time. He lived in a little hole of a room, with a prison-like window, for which he paid three shillings a week. His meals were movable feasts, usually celebrated at the mean restaurants where one gets three courses for sixpence.

But the poor boy had one treasure. As Dick Whittington had his cat, and as Aladdin had his lamp, so this boy had a priceless thing tucked safely away in his coat pocket. It was a visitor's card, issued by the Savage Club. This talisman opened the door to the great fairy palace where he could forget, for the time being, his mean lodgings and the poverty and the hunger.

So every afternoon he arrayed himself in his best clothes and went there. He smiled, and the big, ruddy Englishmen smiled with him. And when the dinner hour drew near some one of them would be quite sure to say, "Look here, this is a jolly little chap. If he has no other engagement, let's keep him to dine with us."

Then the boy would make a pretense of looking through his empty appointment book and at length decide that he could stay and that he would stay—and the dinners passed off very happily indeed.

At last one day a letter came to the club addressed to the poor boy, asking him if he would amuse the guests of a very distinguished nobleman on the following evening, and upon what terms.

Hastily the boy wrote a reply promising that he would be at the nobleman's house at the appointed time, and saying that his charge would be ten pounds. All the next day he avoided the club, fearing that a second letter might come objecting to his terms, or for one of a thousand pos-

sible reasons canceling the engagement.

At the proper time he went to number 5, Prince's Gate, rang the bell and asked the powdered lackey if he might see Lord Blank.

"E's quite engaged now, sir. E's really not at liberty, sir. But I'll find 'is Lordship's secretary for you, sir!"

So the man went off on his quest and the poor boy slyly arranged his hair, flicked the dust from his shoes and waited the coming of the great man's representative.

He came in directly, with an embarrassed look on his face, and said: "Ah, Mr. Wilder, I fear you did not receive my note telling you not to come!"

"Why no, sir," answered the boy. "I've been quite busy all day—quite busy, indeed—haven't looked in at the club even—so, of course, didn't get the note. But now that I'm here, and the audience is here, suppose I go on anyway! The little trifle of the money doesn't matter—really doesn't matter at all, sir!" And he gave a lordly wave of the hand, which suggested that ten pounds were to him of no more consequence than ten bubbles on a tuppenny pot of ale.

But there was one face in the audience unlike the rest—a face full of kindly good humor and sympathy; a face that caught the eye of the poor boy on the stage and made him forget the critical gaze of the others. He gained new courage, new hope, new ambition from that cordial look, and while he told his story his one thought was that he might give some pleasure to the man who owned the encouraging face.

People who were there say that the newcomer made a hit. However that may be,

those good English vinds is no doubt still described by the one witness who's stood there wondering how so much food could possibly be stored away in so very small a body.

From the adjoining room where the guests were assembled came murmurs of anticipation when it was announced that the Yankee humorist was soon to appear. It was rather a whimsical situation, when you think of it—the hungry boy trying to make up for the breakfasts, luncheons and dinners he had missed, and the crowd of wealthy, well-fed aristocrats, who had not known as much misery during their whole lives as he had endured that day, waiting for him to bring smiles to their lips.

At last, when he could not possibly delay his appearance any longer, the poor boy walked out on the little improvised stage.

In the subdued English fashion the ladies gently clapped their gloved hands and whispered one to another, "How quaint he is! What an odd little chap he is, to be sure!" And then they sat silent, with faces that seemed to say, "Now, sir, make us smile if you can!"

But there was one face in the audience unlike the rest—a face full of kindly good humor and sympathy; a face that caught the eye of the poor boy on the stage and made him forget the critical gaze of the others. He gained new courage, new hope, new ambition from that cordial look, and while he told his story his one thought was that he might give some pleasure to the man who owned the encouraging face.

People who were there say that the newcomer made a hit. However that may be,

he at least made a good beginning in London that night, and when he got back to his dismal little room he thought it a far pleasanter place than it was when he had left it a few hours before.

A week later, at the Savage Club, he was introduced to the man of the jovial face. "I have met you before!" exclaimed the boy.

"I do not remember," said the man. "I saw you at Lord Blank's, but did we meet there?"

"Indeed we did, sir! We became acquainted the moment I faced the audience, and ever since then I have wanted very much to thank you for helping me out at my first appearance in England."

"I'm glad to hear that," replied the man. "I'm glad that I could be of some service to a brother professional. I am a player myself, you know—my name is E. S. Willard."

A few years ago when a distinguished British actor visited New York, a dinner was given in his honor by a certain American humorist, who is said to have had some hard struggles in his youthful days. At the banquet were gathered forty of the most prominent men in the city, who came to meet the renowned E. S. Willard.

Before the speeches began the host arose and told this story precisely as I have set it down here, and when he had finished speaking every man stood up and drank to the health of the great-hearted man—the man of the face in the audience. —New York Dramatic Mirror.

Marriage.

A man was brought into the Emergency Hospital who was thought to be dead.

His wife was with him. "He is dead," said one of the doctors. The man raised his head and said: "No, I am not dead yet."

Hereupon his wife admonished him, saying: "Be quiet, William; the doctor ought to know best."

A Man of Expedients.

THE Village Barber reclined in his red plush chair with his head on the rest used in shaving his customers and his feet on a towel with his upturned chin. He was smoking—smoking and thinking—for by his own confession he was a great one for studyin' things out. He had just finished his solitary Sunday dinner, and now, with the stove economically checked and his dishes piled neatly in the sink in the corner, he was in a talkative humor.

"That was a terror, that fire last week," he said, presently, taking his pipe, a dark, strong-looking meerschaum from his mouth and gazing at it thoughtfully.

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know," continued he, rolling over in the chair until his eyes could reach me, "do you know I've been studyin' that very thing for fifteen years?"

"That's queer," I remarked.

"Yes, sir, and seven years ago I hit upon a very simple expedient. I was doing a lot of knockin' around at the time an' I see, 'Look a here, I see, I don't want to jump out of no window and break my old back. An' I don't want to go to work and get burnt to death.' So I gets a very strong thin rope, and coils it up neatly and keeps it in my coat pocket. Then at night when I'd go to bed—I was living on the top floor of the Central House at the time—I'd take my rope out and put it around the leg of the bed—like that, d'ye

see (crooking his finger around the stem of his pipe). Then I take the two ends, pull 'em out even and drop 'em out of the window. Then in the night when there was a fire I didn't jump out of the window and break my neck. No, sir. I got up, dressed myself, lowered my trunk out of the window, and then slid down the rope myself. Once on the ground I pulled my rope down from 'round the leg of the bed, coiled it up, got an expressman to take my trunk, and changed my boardin' house."

"That was a very good idea," said I. "Did you ever have any difficulty in findin' an expressman?"

"Oh, well, I never was in a fire. That was just the idea, ye see. Well, I studied it out, an' I saw that a fellow'd skin his hands slidin' down the rope. Of course that was a blame sight better'n burnin' to death or breakin' your neck, but just the same I got over it. Guess what I done?"

"I haven't the least notion," I said. A man like that might have "did" anything.

"I went to work and I tied knots in it a foot or so apart," said the Barber. "D'y' see? Simple little thing! I tell you it would be a good job if every young feller'd study things out, an' then he'd be ready for anything."

II.

THE Village Barber smoked in silence for a few moments, evidently studyin' things out a little further.

"I invented another very simple expedient once," he continued, after the interval.

"That so?" said I encouragingly.

"Before I came to this country I used to be a barber in a town where there was a canal—for towing coal-boats it was. Every Sunday morning I used to get up and go out for a walk along the bank—it was a practice I had. Well, there was hardly a time when I wouldn't see somebody drownin' in the canal, sometimes two and three at a time—regular terror it was. You'd see 'em drownin' of a Sunday regular. Well, I set to work to study the thing out and at last I hit upon a happy expedient. I got a very strong fish-line, d'ye see? And I got three big fish-hooks and tied 'em together like a grapple, d'ye see? Then I tied a piece of lead on about two feet above the hooks. At the other end I puts a ring, and there I was. I'd unwind the line a couple of yards, swing it around my head with the weight on to it, and then let her fly at the drownin' person, keepin' my finger in the ring, d'ye see? Then I'd pull on the line and the hooks'd catch in the person's clothes, mebbe, or in his arm, or even his face. What did it matter if he was tore up a bit if his life was saved?"

"Did you save many lives?" I asked.

"I was comin' to that," said the Village Barber. "I used to wind the line up and put it in my vest pocket in a little box. Well, sir, the first Sunday I went out walkin' with it I had no more than gone a hundred yards when I seen three gentlemen fightin'. Two was on to one. So I stayed to see how long it would be before the one got licked."

The Barber took a couple of slow puffs at his pipe and then sat up.

"Well, sir, if I hadn't stopped to see that fight but had gone on around the corner, I'd 'a' been in time to rescue my dearest friend. Hotel-keeper he was, but drink, drink, drink! He drank himself into the dee tees. There was a party there at the time who threw him his coat, hangin' on by one sleeve. Well, sir, he come up, seen the coat, but refused to take hold. Nice fellow he was, too. If I'd only not stopped to see that fight I would 'a' saved him and had my one and only chance of tryin' my apparatus, and then look at the name I 'a' had. I carried that dinkus for years, but from that day to this I never seen so much as a single drowned person."

The Village Barber sank back to his head-rest.

"It's simple little expedients like that that a fellow patents and makes money on," said he.

S. H.

The Invalid's Request.

Come hither, dearest, bring thy supple bow,
And draw sweet cadences so soft and low
Upon the tuneful strings, in measured flow.

The day drags wearily, and sore oppressed
With ceaseless tossings in my pain's unrest,
But thy sweet viol's tones may soothe my breast.

Ah! selfish wish! a fleeting shade I see
Soal in thy gentle eyes, to quickly flee;
For thou wouldst much resign to comfort me.

But go, dear love, the sun is shining bright,
And courts thy flutt'ring robe of dainty white.
Fain would I see thee flitting in the light.

The tennis lawn, to yonder casement near,
There wheel my chair, fear not to leave me,
dear:

Watching the game will soon my spirit cheer.
Go! let thy rippling laughter wafted be
From thy glad heart, in merry peals to me,
And later thou wilt play sweet airs to me

When the glad sun hath sunk into the west;
Reluctant sleep, a stranger to my breast,
Its dulcet tones will woo me unto rest.

M. ANNETTE LYLE, M.A.L.
Devon-shire, Eng.

Tommy—What's an heirloom, auntie? His old maid aunt—Oh, that's a jewel or something that's been in the family years and years. Tommy—Auntie, is your engagement ring an heirloom?—Jewellers' Weekly.

Boston Bill—Please, mum, kin you gimme somethin' to eat—just the meat the dog left will do. Mrs. Miggles—We haven't any dog. Boston Bill—Oh, you ain't? Don you git to work an' cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, fore I kick ye in the jor!—Indianapolis Journal.

Neighbor—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup! Mrs. Stuckup—Yes, they are all imported fowls. Neighbor—You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day? Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.—Tit-Bits.



MR. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.
Who will probably lead the English Liberals in the Commons

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest ship in the world.
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to \$60.

MEDITERRANEAN
New York—Bremen
H. H. Meier, Dec. 29; Stuttgart, Jan. 5

Lv. New York	Ar. Gibraltar	Naples	Genoa
Albergo, Dec. 31	Jan. 5	Jan. 10	Jan. 12
F. Bismarck, Jan. 4	Jan. 8	Jan. 13	Jan. 15
Emilia, Jan. 11	Jan. 15	Jan. 20	Jan. 22
Kaiser Wm. II, Jan. 18	Jan. 22	Jan. 27	Jan. 29
Albergo, Feb. 1	Feb. 5	Feb. 10	Feb. 12
F. Bismarck, Feb. 4	Feb. 8	Feb. 13	Feb. 15
Emilia, Feb. 11	Feb. 15	Feb. 20	Feb. 22
Kaiser Wm. II, Feb. 18	Feb. 22	Feb. 27	Feb. 29
Albergo, Feb. 25	Feb. 29	Mar. 5	Mar. 7
F. Bismarck, Feb. 28	Mar. 3	Mar. 8	Mar. 10
Emilia, Mar. 5	Mar. 9	Mar. 14	Mar. 16
Kaiser Wm. II, Mar. 12	Mar. 16	Mar. 21	Mar. 23
Albergo, Mar. 19	Mar. 23	Mar. 28	Mar. 30

AMERICAN LINE
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Paris, Jan. 4; Paris, Jan. 11

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Anecdotal.

A newly appointed Irish court crier being ordered to clear the court-room yelled out: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that is not lawyers must leave the court."

One day when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate they saw some playful lambs in a meadow. "Ah," said Sir Walter, "tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce!"

Sir Edwin Arnold was overwhelmed and the company was greatly entertained by the excited rhapsodies of one of his admirers at a Thanksgiving dinner in London. A middle-aged woman seated near the poet punctured his speech praising America and the Americans with loud cries of "Magnificent!" "Sublime!" "Oh, the dear man!" When Arnold had finished speaking, this woman rushed up, reached across the table, grasped both his hands in hers and exclaimed ecstatically: "Dearest Sir Edwin Arnold! You are heavenly!"

Last New Year's two men swore off

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smoking, the breaker of the contract to pay the other for a ten-dollar hat. Finally one of them weakened. While he meditated over the matter, however, he thought out a scheme to save himself on the hat. He went to the hatter's and bought a ten-dollar hat and had it charged to the other fellow. Then he met his friend at the club, and, pointing to the hat, said: "See that hat, old boy? It is one I have just had charged to you on that swear-off contract." The other fellow cried out: "How in the dickens did you find out I had been smoking?" "Never mind," said the other. "A little bird told me."

A small Scotch boy was once summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the streets. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my wee man, speak the truth, an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied the magistrate. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—" "Yes, yes," said the bailie encouragingly. "And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up the High street and keep up High street till ye come to the pump." "Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the magistrate. "I know the old pump well." "Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

Burke, when collecting information for a speech that he was about to deliver in the House on an Indian question, was referred to an ex-official, then the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Burke had an interview with the lunatic, who proved to be a man of excellent information, and fully competent to advise on the subject on which he consulted him. On leaving the asylum Burke expressed his indignation to the keeper of the asylum, and intimated his intention of bringing the matter before Parliament. "Before you do that, sir," replied the keeper, "go back and ask him what he had for breakfast this morning." Burke did as he was requested, when the lunatic at once burst into indignant invective against the authorities, and replied: "Hobnails, sir; is it not disgraceful? Hobnails! Nothing else." Burke was satisfied, yet did not reject the poor man's testimony on the Indian question.

There was an exciting horse-stealing case tried in the West once upon a time, and the opposing counsel bullied the witnesses in a manner calculated to move any lawyer to envy. Finally, the name of a well-to-do old granger was called, and he stepped upon the stand carrying a double-barreled shotgun in his hand. "What are you going to do with that weapon?" asked the judge. "Wall, I'll tell you, squire," said the old man cheerily. "I hear some talk around here this morning that the fyers calculated ter ax me some questions about a little hoss mis-understandin' I had myself when I was a young man, back in ther East, and about my havin' an extry wife down in the South somehwere. Now, I'm willin' to tell all I know about this here peticular case, but I ain't goin' ter take any begosh nonsense from anybody. I'm a law-abidin' man, judge, but I rille powerful easy. Now, then, go ahead with ther procession," and placing his cocked gun across his lap the witness turned to the lawyers with a bland smile. There was a solemn pause for a few minutes, and then the witness was excused, and he stepped down amid terrific applause.

A Happy Christmas.

To Mr. Jinks—Sundry Thoughts.
F ever there is a season of the year which acquaints us with the tenacity of the soul, it is surely Christmas. It is a gathering up of the fragments of tradition, of memory, of usage, of emotion, which convinces us that nothing is lost, though it may be stowed away in Life's back cupboard, and the dust may fly and choke us when we dislodge it; or is it the dust which makes the lump in the throat and the dimness in the eyes? A past spoils many a Christmas, for Christmas is an anniversary that firmly links the past in. One instinctively looks back to the first cause of it, over the centuries, and in looking back the memory often does not get out of the present century. The Babe of Bethlehem is the reminder of some baby who came on some momentous day, or some baby who went away either to the great beyond or to another earthly home, and the mother or the father falls a-dreaming, either gladly or sadly, and so goes their Christmas. The lonely ones were not always alone, and if someone doesn't gather them in and give them a good time they will be apt to spend their Christmas among the ruins of Carthage. "Every one of my boys is either asked out or going home for Christmas," said a keeper of a big boarding house, "except Mr. Jinks, and he seems to have no one to go to." It is rather a pity about Mr. Jinks! I wonder how many of him there are in the city? And if he be sensitive, how bitter his Christmas hours will be, unless he is one of us who has learned how to sweeten them.

I wish Mr. Jinks a happy Christmas, such as I might enjoy myself, if the little woman did not send me sweetest bidding to her pretty home. There are ways and ways of being happy, and the subtlest way is the way one learns alone. In the little ranch I should have many guests who would not require plum-pudding nor turkey to fill their little gastronomic cavities. I should put the little mother in the big armchair, and the big brother on the capacious lounge, and the other personages who make Christmas their special visiting time, anywhere that spirit-visitants could perch—only I must cover up all the mirrors, for no properly constituted Christmas spirit will look into a mirror, and the calendar must show no date, nor the frying-pan

clock presume to tick. I wonder why the Christmas spirits are so touchy about the flight of Time? And we should enjoy ourselves very much, I make no doubt, if I had not to go out and have Christmas with the little woman. But to return to Mr. Jinks, I hope he reads this paper, and will see his Christmas greeting, which I give him with hearty good-will, and that he won't be down-hearted because he is alone in Toronto on a day when, as the Dutchman would say, "every odder one is toggeder." Cheer up, Mr. Jinks, there are harder cases than yours, and if you have positively nothing to do, let me suggest that you tramp off to some hospital and hunt up some one who is also lonely, and beside, shut up and helpless. There is nothing which reconciles one to getting a drenching quicker than the fact that the other man who fell in was drowned!

While our bells are ringing and our waistcoats stretching, comes the thought that there are millions of persons to whom Christmas means nothing beyond what the anniversary of the Queen's birthday means to a native of Greenland or darkest Africa. And close upon this comes the discordant ring of the Gordon Memorial College disunion. The broad-minded General, who knows whereof he speaks, says that the college will be more efficient, reach further and be more liable to do good if its promoters do not insist upon the Christian religion being taught to its students. It seems an eminently sensible and self-evident proposition, and to anyone who knows the Oriental character as General Kitchener must know it, and who desires the efficiency and prosperity of the great school as he desires it, the thought comes very forcibly that it is a wise one. General Gordon's sister protests. She has cleared her Christian conscience. But in the name of humanity, let the school go on, Christian or Moslem. The Master himself seems to have taught us enough to ensure that.

Talking of Christmas bells reminds me of how the bells talk to me, as I sit and watch seven small sparrows surrounding a scrap of crust which I have set out for their Sunday dejeuner. St. James' bells are in great feather to-day. The sun is shining and everyone is going to church. The bells troll out a triumphant string of tones—

Oh, what a splendid congregation!
We shall have a large collection!

They rattle out, running down the scale in a jolly rush that is almost comical. And then they sing a scrap of a hymn, and the great strokes fall eleven times on the translucent air, and a Cinderella of a sparrow comes too late, pushing and crowding, vulgar and self-assertive, like a certain lady at a certain festive which shall be nameless, and the window closes on her with a bang, for she is too human, as she squawks and crows. And the others fly off and leave her the crust, instead of sailing in and pecking her into her place, and she bustles and flutters in triumph and eats her meal alone. She is so human, this Dreck Spatzel!

LADY GAY.

Something Like a Butler.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the famous animal painter, had an old servant, his butler, valet, and faithful slave, named William, who knew and understood his master's ways and habits perfectly. Though Sir Edwin, when he was put out, would build this man at times, he thoroughly appreciated his usefulness, and could not have got on at all without him.

William was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal—no one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin, even though an appointment had been made. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Hedwin is not at home."

Even the Prince Consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as His Royal Highness found out; for, on walking boldly in and around the garden, he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window.

The same faithful attendant one day, when a lion had died at the "Zoo," and his corpse came up in a four-wheeled cab to be painted from, startled his master with the question:

"Please, Sir Hedwin, did you bolder a lion?"

"And these places where you vote," said the gentleman from Europe, "you call them the polls?" "Yes," said the North Carolina citizen, "we call 'em that. But the warmth around here makes 'em seem a good deal more like equators."—Washington Star.



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From an Old Book.

Date, 1795. Bound Volume of the Evangelical Magazine for that year.

Could I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage To whom the rising year shall prove his last, As I can number in my punctual page And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet On which the press might stamp him next to die; And, reading here his sentence, how replete With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Time, then, would seem more precious than the joy.

In which he sports away the treasure now; And prayer more seasonable than the noise Of drunkards, or the music drawing bow.

Then, doubtless, many a trifter, on the brink Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore, For'd to a pause, would feel it good to think! Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceived! Could I, prophetic, say, Who next is fated, and who next to fall, The rest might then seem privileged to play; But naming none the voice now speaks to all.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light They bound, and airy, o'er the sunny glade— One falls—there! wide-scattered with affright, Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warned, Still need repeated warnings and at last, A thousand awful admonitions scorned, Die, self-accused of life all run to waste!

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones: The grave admits no cure of guilt or sin. Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones, But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught Of all these sepulchres, instructors true, That, soon or late, death also is your lot, And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

Parables of the Wise and the Foolish Woman.

BY KATHLEEN GRAY NELSON.

A WOMAN dwelt in a pleasant valley, singing all the day, for she neither knew of what lay beyond nor cared.

"Whither so fast?" she called to one that hurried by. "Pause and rest in this delightful land."

But the Traveler answered: "I have no time to rest, for life is short and the way is long. See you not the distant mountains whose heads tower up into the clouds? I go to climb them."

"But why?" asked the Sitter. "The path is steep and rough, and many die by the wayside. Even if you reach the heights, they are bleak and cold. Here are sunshine and flowers and peace; there, I am told, you will find toil and suffering and disappointment."

"Rather than than mere inanity," replied the Traveler.

Then she looked at the Sitter curiously. "Have you never been beyond these narrow boundaries?" she questioned. "There is a vast world without; have you never even looked on it?"

"No," was the Sitter's answer. "I am content here. Why should I wander into an unknown country? The valley is beautiful and pleases my eye. What do I care for what may be beyond the green hills?"

"I shall never be content so long as there are ways unknown for me to tread, heights undreamed of for me to climb," declared the Traveler, and she hastened away from the Land of Peace on to the rugged mountains. As she passed from sight the Sitter said:

"She may travel far, and yet will she never find what I have found in this quiet valley," and she took up the thread of her song again.

But the Traveler toiled ever upward, over chasm and precipice, and beetling cliff, until her feet were bleeding and her hands were bruised and torn. She passed some climbers, weary and heart-sick, sitting and weeping by the roadside; others she met who had given up the race, and now went back the way they had come; and again she saw bleaching skeletons by the path, where those had fallen who persevered. But never once did she falter—never once did she look behind.

"On, on, my soul!" she ever cried—and crying she died.

On the top of a barren hill was a glorious temple, all marble and gold, that gleamed in the sunshine until men stood afar off and looked at it in wonder, and above the mighty portal was carved a wreath of bay leaves and everywhere were the statues of earth's great ones.

Two women met at the door of this temple, and one was content to look within, and one fair woman entered.

"It is all very beautiful," said the Looker. "There are rainbow-tinted windows where the light is prisoned, and wondrous pillars of many hues that seem to end in the very heavens. The sweetest music echoes through the aisles, there is carving and sculpture without end, pictures as entrancing as artists' dreams hang upon the wall, and in niches a few books are found. The place is wondrous lovely, but alas, the people—the people who are within. They fight among themselves like madmen, and those who are behind pull down those who are upon the altar steps and trample them under foot, until the place is one vast charnel house. And the god of this temple stands with wreaths in his hands, but his face is cold and hard, and he heeds not the prayers nor the cries of the suffering ones. Those he has crowned sit on pedestals, and some of them weep and some of them scoff, but the faces of all are sad. Oh, it is an awful sight!"

And she covered her eyes to shut it out. But the Looker cried impatiently: "Stand aside, for I must go in. It is the place I have long sought, and neither man, nor god, nor demon can make me stay without. Only wait, for yet shall I be one of the crowned and then shall my joy be complete. There only will joy be found."

So saying she entered, and she fought.

We are making a specialty this season of **FUR-LINED OVERCOATS**, having imported special cloths for the purpose and carefully selected a choice range of furs for linings and trimmings. The prices are moderate. We will be glad to give quotations by mail, or to show the cloths and furs to anyone calling on us.

A coat of this kind makes a handsome Christmas present.

Bilton Bros

her way along, even making stepping stones of many a prostrate form, until at last, even as she had said, she sat upon a pedestal, with a wreath upon her brow. But strange to say her face, too, was sad and weary.

But the Looker stayed outside and murmured: "I had rather be a beggar sitting in the sunshine at the gate of the temple than to be crowned at such a price."

And one of them was wise and one was foolish. But the one I said was wise the seer called a fool.—Vogue.

The A to Z of Pessimism.

Little babe,
Mother's prayer.
Little boy,
Lots of dare,
College youth,
Football hair,
Fearless man,
Country air,
Pretty maid,
Lovely snare,
Little buggy,
Aged mare,
Priestly priest,
Youthful pair,
Little kids,
Wear and tear,
Troubled life,
Worldly care,
End in sight,
Drar despair,
Graveyard scene—
That's all, I swear.

—New York Sun.

As to Character.

A MAN who, in Kentucky, had shot a friend, was, on account of some informality of procedure, arraigned before the court.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury, "it would be well on this occasion to take testimony concerning the defendant, to learn whether or not he is a man of peaceable disposition. Mr. Spiller, pointing to a spectator, 'will you please come forward and be sworn?'"

When Mr. Spiller had been sworn, the counsel for the defence asked:

"You do not consider Mr. Ackerman a dangerous person, do you?"

"Not at all, Cap'n, not at all."

"You do not think he is in any way a desperate character, do you?"

"Why, bless your soul, Cap'n, not at all."

"You would not be afraid of him, would you?"

"Lord love you, Cap'n, not a bit. Why, Cap'n, talk about me being afraid of him. 'Bout two years ago me and Ackerman fell out. Shortly after that I was going along through the woods. I want' expet'n to meet nobody, an' wan't particular on the look-out, but I had my old fusze along with me. Well, Lord bless you, Cap'n, the first thing I knowed Ackerman jumped from behind a tree and cut loo-e at me with a pepper-box pistol, an' Lord love your soul, honey, I pulled down on him and filled him so full o' lead that he had to turn him over with a handsipke. Oh, no, Cap'n, a man that packs a pepper-box ain't dangerous. He's his own worst enemy, Cap'n. Any other pints you want to know?"

"There were no other 'pints.'—Drake's Magazine.

"You look nice enough to eat," exclaimed the youth. "And so I do," replied the maiden, "three times a day."—Ohio State Journal.

A servant girl in a Birmingham family was taken to task for oversleeping herself. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow, and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest."—Tit-Bits.

Jollydog—Our American heireses appear to have the same trouble as our candidates for office. Pollywog—What's that? Jollydog—They find it very hard to get a square count.—Town Topics.

"Ye're not goin' into that public house, are ye, Tim?" "Sure Oi am, ye're riverince." "Then do you know the devil is goin' in wid you?" "Faith, thin, he'll have to pay for his own drink, for Oi've only got the price of wan."—Sketch.

The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when he sells you an imitation of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

Adams' Tutti Frutti

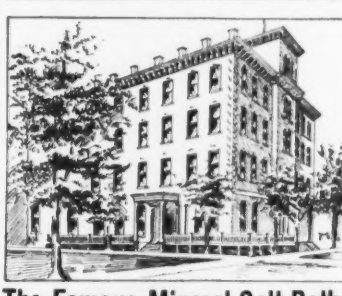
is made from pure chich gum, and there is no other gum "just as good" or half so good.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss"

It's foolish to buy Windsor Salt, but if you study the salt question you will easily see why it's folly to remain ignorant when buying salt.

Windsor Salt is an absolutely pure, dry, refined, crystallized, table salt, and is sold at the same price as inferior salt.

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Limited
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Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and first and only scientific palmist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 401 Jarvis. Patronized by the nobility and elite from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

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MONSOON
Sold in sealed lead packets only, never in bulk. By grocers, at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

The Race That Won a Bride.

After Many Crushing Disappointments Jack Wins Out by a Sharp Trick—A Story of the Canadian Turf.

BY JOHN FRANCIS RYAN.

JACK CLIFFORD had a heart as big as a tarbooz. A tarbooz is a Russian watermelon, and melons grow to an enormous size in the expansive land of the Czar. He was a favorite in the town where he lived, and had a good position, but was never more than a few hundred dollars ahead, chiefly because he could not see a horse-race without betting on it, a falling which is rapidly becoming a curse with hundreds of bright young men in Canada to-day. Good luck or bad luck did not seem to bother him. He arranged for good board and good clothing, and at the end of the year the bookmakers generally had the rest.

His business took him around the "American" circuit in the summer, but he never shared in any of the much-talked-of Canadian coups excepting one. That was at Saratoga, and he cleared eighteen hundred dollars on a capital of one hundred and fifty. That night he was introduced to a faro game, a form of gambling which, thank goodness, flourishes more in the United States than hereabouts, and lost all his winnings and his original capital besides.

At another time in Detroit he would have been comparatively rich again, had it not been for an accident. A two-year-old had worked five furlongs on a slow Canadian track in 1.04, and was immediately shipped to the City of the Straits, where the summer meeting was in progress. The colt looked like a certainty in the maiden race in which he was entered. His good performance had been kept such a secret that only half a dozen knew how fast the youngster was, and thirty to one was marked up against him in the books. On the first start the bit in the colt's mouth broke and he made two circuits of the track before he was stopped, quite a jaunt for a two-year-old, but at that he finished fourth in the race. Jack had bet all his money, and after the event was "stone broke."

His next chance came when the great Canadian horse, Saragossa, was entered in the Ullman handicap, to be run at Chicago. This grand horse was quoted in the winter book at sixty to one, when one day in the early spring Jack saw him go a mile and a quarter in 2:10 with 131 pounds on his back. That was enough. He telegraphed to a cousin in Chicago and inside of three hours had \$100 up against \$6,000 on Saragossa. The horse first went to Detroit and beat everything in sight. On the day on which he finished in front of Leo Lake and Shuttle, Joseph Ullman, the great Western bookmaker, said that the Canadians who had backed him in the handicap would need valises to bring home their money; but Jack did not need any valise. Luck was against him. The anti-racing law came into force in Illinois that year and the big race was declared off.

The following spring found Jack with a few hundred dollars and two three-year-old colts, one that he had raised himself and one that he had bought as a yearling, but stranger than this, and bearing out the old saying that "in the spring a young man's fancy," etc., it found him very much in love. For the first time in the twenty-seven years of his life he was irrevocably, irretrievably entangled and loved Mamie Parkhurst with all the pent up emotion of a healthy young man who reaches that age without having previously succumbed. It came about at a quiet social and on both sides was a "first sight" affair. In love as in everything else Jack was impetuous. He wagered his destiny against the love of a woman with the same sang-froid as he would wager a ten-spot on a horse-race.

He often found himself wondering how he had lived so long in the same city with this angel, without having met her before, and now having met her he was determined not to lose her, not for the whole town and the contents thereof. She was so different from other girls that she entranced him. She was almost as well posted in turf affairs as he was and once told him—in a whisper—that she would like to bet on a horse-race, if she thought she would surely win. Here were two kindred souls and Jack did not see why they had not been blind.

If he had any doubts as to the sincerity of his love for her, he had only to listen to her sing. When she executed a cadenza he was enraptured, and when she sang the soulful Vision song from Faust he was transported into the seventh circle of heaven. But Jack, one day in the early spring, was informed of a little arrangement that made him for a moment wish that Mamie's voice would cease. She had become so famous in her native town and had been so universally praised by all the critics that her teacher insisted upon her going to New York. In short, she was singing herself out of Jack's reach. He could marry her and keep her comfortably in his own quiet Canadian town—but New York. That meant a large expenditure, and he had only a few hundred dollars and his two colts. Jack was thoroughly puzzled, the more so because he was honest enough not to wish her to remain in a state of arrested development, amusing only the neighbors with her voice, when she might be entraining large audiences in Gotham.

He was determined that she should not go alone. In his dreams he could see her forgetting him and taking to some silver-voiced Italian tenor or being bewitched by some deep-chested German basso. No, if Mamie went, he would go, too. But

where was the money coming from? Well, there were his two colts. Both were eligible for the Queen's Plate, that most coveted of Canadian turf events. If he could win that he could go to New York.

One of the colts, Isis, was a stocky little filly. She was a very slow actor, and owed her name to the fact that one morning a rail-bird had yelled "ice" after her as she cantered around the track in her methodical way. The other was a slashing fine chestnut colt, Royal Highness, by Prince Royal—Her Highness, the dam being imported before he was foaled. One of the chief conditions of the Queen's Plate is that colts entered must be bred in the province, and mares, in foal, are often bought in England or the United States, and brought to Canada so that the colt may be eligible to contest for Her Majesty's prize.

Royal Highness was admired by everyone who saw him, and early in the training season Jack Clifford found that if he was to win a bride, the colt would have to help him, for Isis threw out a whole bunch of splints and had to be retired. In the winter book Royal Highness was eight to one, and Jack bet \$200 on him at that price. This, with the purse, which amounted to about \$2,000, would give him at least a year's start in New York; but would he win? That was the question.

In another Queen's Plate, Autocrat, he had a dangerous rival. This colt was owned by a man who was determined to win the Plate and to whom money was no object. Two weeks before the race this whirlwind, with his full weight up, ran a mile and a quarter in 2:19. The following day Royal Highness made the same journey in 2:18. Then Autocrat knocked a full second off that trial, going the distance in 2:17. Every rail-bird could see that the race was to be a duel between the two horses, and they were even favorites in the winter book at three to one. All the other probable starters were apparently out-classed.

Five days before the race Jack, rash as ever, decided to end all suspense and see how fast his colt really could go. He wanted to see if his \$200 had been burned up in the winter book or if he was going to take that trip to New York.

He told his man to give the horse extra attention, and started on a search for a good stable-boy to ride his pet. Having found one, he took him aside and said: "Now, boy, I wish to find out how good my colt is this morning. You let him go to the mile in about 1:48 and then watch me. I will be at the judges' stand, and will have this towel in my hand. If I wave it, you come on as fast as you can; if I hold it up without moving it, steady the colt."

So in the early morning the fleet-limbed chestnut was led out swathed in blankets and given a preliminary "lung-opener." Then the boy was hoisted into the saddle again and away went Royal Highness, breaking from the head of the stretch. He reached the quarter in 28 seconds, the half in 52, three-quarters in 1:19, and the mile in 1:46. Jack did not wave the towel, but the great province-bred finished the mile and a quarter in 2:14, the fastest time ever made by a Queen's Plate in a trial.

A dozen watches clicked as Royal Highness passed under the wire, and the spectators could hardly believe their eyes as they looked at their chronometers. Jack was jubilant—very different from a man who stood behind him, clad in a long English waterproof—but suddenly turned pale as he noticed that the colt had pulled up lame. He was led back to his stall, and to the turf reporters who made enquiries Jack said:

"Oh, it's nothing; simply struck a stone. He'll be all right to-morrow."

But Jack knew better, and he was indeed sore at heart, for the strain had bowed a tendon in the colt's leg, and he would have to be given a rest for at least a year.

In the meantime the news of the fast trial had spread, and when the afternoon papers told about it with "scare" headlines and talked of the lameness as a trivial affair, there was a wild plunge on Royal Highness in the winter book and he was speedily backed down to 6 to 5, Autocrat going up to 4 to 1.

Jack was sitting on an upturned pail in front of the stall that afternoon when the gentleman in the big coat strolled along. "That was pretty fast work this morning," said he.

"Yes," replied Jack, "pretty good for a plate, and he had a second or so up his sleeve at that. I suppose you noticed that the boy did not have to force him out?"

"Yes," acquiesced the stranger, "never touched him with the whip. By the way, will you put a price on the colt? I am ready to buy him."

"Well, I guess not," answered Jack, with the air of a man who had a Suburban Handicap winner in the stall behind him. He knew full well that a sale would mean an examination of the colt by a veterinary surgeon, and at that very moment Royal Highness was standing on three legs. "It just amounts to this," said Mr. Longcoat. "Autocrat must win and he takes a big chance of not winning if your colt starts. I have been commissioned to buy, but if you won't sell, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you \$1,000 if you don't start your horse. You can scratch his entry now and the people will think that instead of his hoof being a little bruised he is seriously lame."

"I'll let you know to-morrow morning,"

said Jack, who already had decided upon a course.

That night a confidential friend put up \$1,000 for Jack on Autocrat at four to one, and the following day Jack took the \$1,000 and scratched Royal Highness. When this news became known the betting, of course, was on Autocrat, and he was backed down to four to five, but Jack's money was up at the long odds.

Race day arrived and Autocrat won easily by several lengths. Jack, \$5,000 richer, went with Mamie to New York, where she is now a concert star with Jack as her business manager and domestic manager as well.

"Peace on Earth."

Time does not abate the enthusiasm with which the Christian world again echoes the angel song of nineteen centuries ago.

Every heart is glad; young and old turn to greet the new year with earnest resolutions that it shall have to chronicle for them worthier motives, kinder deeds, and more Christlike being.

Right here we are moved to plead that the mothers may realize their prerogative of very materially determining either the success or failure of these resolves.

Granting that many mothers to-day little understand their responsibility, the results of such ignorance are none the less terrible.

Some one has said "Children get their morals from their diet." Certain it is that food is a mighty factor in fashioning the child-being.

It may be a new thought to some that the Instructor of all Christmas joys requires our conformity to laws at once natural and divine, to accomplish the condition upon earth heralded by angels on that first glad morning.

So long as there is not "Peace"—perfect harmony—in the composition of the individual, there cannot exist a condition of "peace on earth."

We are told that God created man in His own image. Admitting the possible rendering of this truth in a purely spiritual sense, we need not lose sight of the lesson as it pertains to our spiritual nature.

It is impossible to believe that the majority of men and women, as we see them to-day, each suggestive of some defect or ailment, was the ideal intended by the Great Designer.

When Christian people learn to regard the keeping of their bodies in perfect health in the true light of duty, we shall have fewer tables spread with food woefully lacking in those qualities required for right physical development, intellectual development and moral development—the attainment of a natural character, which is the ideal and desire of every mother for her child.

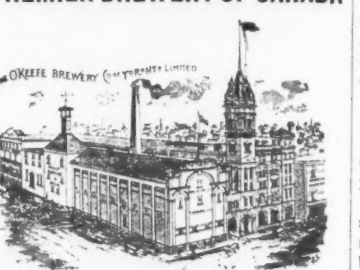
The New Era Cooking School, Worcester, Mass.

What difference one small letter makes! You'd scarce believe it true: Forebodings fill my heart whenever I think of I O U. But these all vanish quick away, As does the morning dew, If I but occupy my mind With thoughts of Y O U.

BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Astringent Compound, Wafers, and Creams are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Freckles, Blackheads, Meib, Sallow, Redness, Itch, Oozing, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. They prepare the skin for the application of make-up, and are the only remedies on earth for the skin. See box, No. 11, 114 Yonge Street, Toronto. H. B. FOULDS, 256 Yonge Street, Toronto. Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

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CHRISTMAS SPECIALTIES

Slippers

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Dress Slippers
House Slippers
Bath and
Bedroom Slippers



Every man, woman and child in Toronto should have a pair of slippers. They rest the feet, save the carpets and lessen the noise about the house. The most acceptable Christmas present you can give is a pair of slippers bought at

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S
114 Yonge Street

The Latest News About Santa Claus.

Carlyle Smith in Life.

CLAMBERED up through the sooty flue of the chimney, and knocked at the door of Santa Claus' house. A little woman with a kindly face, but with red eyelids, as though she had been weeping, opened the door and inquired as to my business.

"I wish to see Santa Claus," I said.

"Well," she answered, with a sigh, "I wouldn't mind seeing him myself. I am Mrs. Claus, sir, and I haven't laid eyes on him in six months."

"What!" I cried. "He surely is not lost?"

"I don't know, sir," sobbed the little woman; "but I do know that he hasn't been about here since last May."

"But his business? The boys and the children—"

"He gave that up, sir—that is, he's sold out."

"Sold out?" I echoed, aghast. "Santa Claus sold out? To whom, pray?"

"Some syndicate, I believe, sir; a trust with a very long name, which I don't quite remember, though I think it was something like the Standard Yule Company. They paid him handsomely for it, and know he was glad to sell out, because children ain't like they used to be, and he couldn't stand the expense of giving them diamonds, and palaces, and railways. It used to be an easy business to handle when Mr. Claus could sit down and make a lot of cheap dolls, and please the little girls with things like that; but when it came to building railroads to satisfy 'em, and searching the world for diamonds, and keeping a Shetland pony stock farm to furnish them with live horses instead of the little woolly ones they used to like, he found the work too hard and expensive."

"But still," I persisted, "I don't see how a syndicate which goes into business only for profit could make anything out of an investment of this kind."

"That's what I said to Mr. Claus when he told me about it, sir," observed Mrs. Claus; "but he explained it. It was worth all the money the syndicate could raise to buy the good-will of my husband's business. He says to me, says he, 'My dear, these Trusts have got money to burn and no good-will from anybody, while I've got good-will to burn and an increasing income.'"

"Ah!" I said, "I see. There is, after all, a good deal in that; but I must say I should think he'd be miserable without anything to do."

"Oh, as for that," said she, "he's got plenty to do, and I guess he's happy. He's taken up golf; that's why he isn't home any more."

"And you?" I said, looking at her sadly. "I'm a widder, like all the other women whose husbands do that," she said, with deep emotion.

I fled from the house, bursting with sympathy for the poor little woman, and hurried down the sooty flue again to my library. It was a sad blow to me, and I haven't a doubt that it will prove to be so to countless little people all over the world; but, after all, if the Standard Yule Company will sell a small portion of the good-will it has acquired to some of its brother Trusts, some people may be made better and happier for it.

I don't know of any individual or institution in the universe that stands more in need of a little good-will than the average syndicate, and certainly Santa Claus parted with enough to redeem them all and to spare.

Furthermore, I'd like to take a fall out of the old gentleman at golf some day. I have an impression I can give a man of his build and age a half-stroke on a hole, with some prospect of coming out ahead.

Growth of the Language. "It seems to me, Henry," remarked the wife of a professor of English literature, after the guests who had attended one of their "evenings" had gone, "that you treated Mr. Scollaps with marked discourtesy."

"Oh, I did, did I?"

"Yes. You turned your back on him while he was talking to you, and walked deliberately out of the room, muttering to yourself."

"I listened to him patiently enough," said the professor, "while he was telling me where he had 'Sundayed' the week before last. I stood it, even when he observed that it always 'enthused' him to talk over old times, but when he asked me to come around some evening and 'reminisce' a while—and the professor walked to the window and cleared his throat vigorously—"it was all I could do, Hester, to keep from throwing him out of the house!"

Another Robinson Crusoe. Rio de Janeiro News.

A new Robinson Crusoe has been found. The man, according to a Peruvian telegram, was found on one of the desert Galapagos Islands. He had not spoken to or even seen a human being for fourteen years, and his body is covered with a thick hair!!! He has lived on wild birds, shell fish, and water. The man must have a sensational story to unfold.

Latest Parisian Whim. New York Herald (Paris).

The most charming invention of the year is certainly that of scented artificial flowers, by means of which drawing rooms are delightfully perfumed. Beautifully finished and suited to fix in the button-hole or on a muff, these flowers exhale the most natural and most durable odor. Roses, pinks, and violets appear freshly gathered, and shed their odor for a lengthened period.

A Remarkable Find. Saturday Review.

It seems almost incredible, but we have it on authority which it is really impossible to doubt, that a private soldier found in a street at Omdurman the letter which Gordon wrote to the Mahdi in answer to

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

BIAS VELVETEEN S.H. & M. SKIRT BINDING

Binding Wear and Art-Quality

The Redfern Brand of "S. H. & M." wears—no other binding has its durability—it outwears the skirt of strongest fabric—to this superlative durability is given the highest art of deep soft richness, costing but a few cents more than the commonest binding—it adds 25 per cent to the dress of the skirt.

S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. THE S. H. & M. CO., 34 Front Street W., Toronto, Ont.

"What an amount of fraud on the public might be prevented if good things could be sold at the prices of trash."

"What an amount of dyspepsia might be prevented if all who asked for

WORCESTER SAUCE

... GOT ...

LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE

INSTEAD OF THE SICKLY IMITATIONS

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL

Hudson's Soap

A FINE POWDER IN PACKETS ONLY

Will wash more clothes, and do more work in much less time than any other Soap. Linen Lasts Longer when regularly washed with HUDSON'S.

SOAK YOUR CLOTHES

with HUDSON'S and the dirt will slip out—with about half the usual labour.

R. S. HUDSON, 34 Chabouille Square, Montreal

SOLD IN HANDY PACKETS BY ALL GROCERS

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS

into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. P. B. BURNES & CO., 38 King St. East. Shall we book your order?

THIS

DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

the demand for retreat or surrender. The letter has been examined by all the ablest experts, and is beyond doubt in Gordon's handwriting. We understand that it is now in the hands of the Queen. As might be expected, all idea of surrender is scouted, the Mahdi is reminded of his evil doings, and his destruction at the hands of English soldiers is prophesied.

Teacher—Can you tell me the cause of the daybreak? Smart pupil—I fancy it's caused by the nightfall. —*Funny Cats.*

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, hates a bath and is fond of mud. Well, Tom? Tom (shamefacedly)—That's me.

"Papa," said a sweet little girl to her father, a grim old lawyer, "could you make a pun or a joke on pudding?" "Suet" (sue it) said the grim old lawyer.

"Your replies are very tart," said the young husband. Then he hastily added, "But they are not as tart as those that mother made." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Can I see the judge?" enquired a member of the bar of the former's servant. "Not at present; he's at dinner." "But my business is very important." "I cannot help it, sir; his honor is at steak."

"Mary, I saw the baker kiss you to-day. I think I shall go down and take the bread in future." "Twouldn't be no use, ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anyone else but me." —*Ally Sloper.*

"Marriage," said the argumentative workingman, whose only reliable means of support is the lamp-post at the corner, "what's marriage? Eh?" "Givin' a woman half yer victuals to get her to cook 'o'her half," replied the one who knew.

Music.

The immense audience which crowded every portion of Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, when The Messiah was given by the Toronto Festival Chorus under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, proved beyond the question of a doubt that Handel's immortal oratorio is as popular as ever with local music-lovers, and that the public is prepared to support any well devised scheme having as its end the re-establishment on a proper basis in Toronto of a society for the regular production of standard works of this class. The very liberal patronage extended to Mr. Torrington's enterprise on this occasion may also be regarded as a personal tribute to his energy and devotion, as well as his pluck in undertaking with comparatively raw material, the production of a work so familiar to the public as Handel's masterpiece. Taking all things into consideration, the performance was of a character which may well justify Mr. Torrington to persevere in his good work. The chorus, although lacking to some extent in experience, a fact, by the way, which did not lessen the work of the conductor in preparing the oratorio for public presentation, atoned in large measure for this by reason of their fidelity to correct intonation and the unusually bright and pure quality of tone which they produced. On the whole the choruses were very effectively rendered, several numbers, particularly the Hallelujah chorus, and He Trusted in God, being worthy of special mention. The orchestra, which also included many young players, gave as good an account of themselves as could reasonably have been expected, the admirable influence of that sterling violinist, Mr. John Bayley, as concert master, being of immense assistance to Mr. Torrington in his direction of the work. Their playing of the Pastoral Symphony was a very creditable effort, and in some of the accompaniments as well there was much to praise. The soloists were: Mlle. Trebelli, soprano; Miss Carrie Lash, contralto; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Mr. A. L. E. Davies and Mr. J. D. Richardson, basses, and Mr. W. Francis Firth and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, baritones. Mlle. Trebelli, the eminent soprano, although on this occasion evidently not in the best of form, sang with artistic effect and rare expression, her rendering of I Know that my Redeemer Liveth being most enthusiastically received. Miss Lash won a distinct success in her solos, her pure contralto voice and the musical rendering of her various numbers being much admired by the audience, who warmly applauded her. Specially effective was her singing of the beautiful aria He Shall Feed His Flock. The tenor solos of the oratorio were sung by Mr. Sherlock in a most satisfactory manner, his fine voice and admirable style being constantly in evidence. The bass solos were uniformly well rendered, and the good judgment displayed by Mr. Torrington in his selection of the four gentlemen who divided the bass solo numbers was amply proven in the excellent singing of Messrs. Davies, Carnahan, Firth and Richardson throughout. Special mention may be made of the refined and musically work of Mr. Davies in The People That Walked in Darkness, the rich and mellow quality of voice and breadth of style shown in his interpretation of this fine number constituting one of the artistic successes of the evening. Mr. Carnahan in The Trumpet Shall Sound also won well deserved applause, his fine baritone voice being heard with telling effect in this stirring number. The performance as a whole was much enjoyed by the record-breaking audience present, and the success of the concert will doubtless ensure equally satisfactory results for the performance of Gounod's Redemption, which has been announced immediately before the performance of the oratorio, when the secretary of the chorus, Mr. Short, presented Mr. Torrington with a valuable piece of silver and the following address:

"DEAR FATHER TORRINGTON,—The members of this chorus feel that they cannot let the present occasion pass without expressing in some way their personal regard for yourself and their hearty appreciation of the noble work which you have done in the cause of music in this city. We feel that in addressing you as Father Torrington, we are only setting forth the true relation you have borne towards those great conceptions of the great masters which have expressed in the form of oratorio. For the cause of oratorio music your love has been truly paternal, seeking neither gain nor praise, and regardless alike of toil or opposition, you have ever sought to advance its interests. It has given us personally much pleasure that the good work has not been allowed to drop, and that once more the heaven inspired music of the Messiah is heard in this music hall, which was ever the object of your most ardent aspirations, and for the realization of which you worked so long. Twenty-five years have elapsed since the Messiah was first produced in Toronto under your baton, and it seems fitting that the silver jubilee of your union with oratorio in our city should be marked by something more lasting than words. We, therefore, ask you to accept this memento, which carries with it the heartiest good wishes of all. Yet better than words, better than gifts, is the loving appreciation of your personal magnetism, your unquenchable energy and unselfish devotion, which exists, and will ever exist, in the hearts of so many who have been members of your choir and of your choruses. That you may be long spared to take an active part in musical affairs and that the future may see the fruition of your best hopes is the parting wish of the Messiah chorus of 1888. Signed on behalf of the chorus."

LOUISA RUTLEDGE, HENRIETTA L. AMBERY, WILLIAM WELLS, FRED. F. ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM B. SHORT.

Miss Symons, the pianist of the chorus, was also presented with a bracelet in recognition of her services.

It is said, by those who are in a position to know, that our old friend and "philanthropist"—the gentleman, by the way, who so widely advertised the fact that he is "working for nothing" nowadays—namely, Mr. Samuel Aitken, honorary secretary of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., is likely to spend a

very unhappy Christmas because of the unexpected spirit of unity which his "Imperial Federation" dodge has brought about among the professional in Canada. It was hoped by Mr. Aitken and his employees, including the salaried clerks and examiners of the concert he represents, that the many opposing interests in this country and thus enable our trans-Atlantic friends to gather in the "swag" resulting therefrom. Mr. Aitken is awakening to a sense of his error and the shock, as might be imagined, has not, by any means, been a gentle one. He has reaped considerable notoriety out of his connection with the Associated Board, and, in fact, many who had never heard of the gentleman before are asking the question: "Who on earth is he?" The association of his name in the Board's printed matter with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Alexander Mackenzie did not "inaugurate" the Board's examinations in Canada, and with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is believed to be dearer to him than a rise of ten points in C.P.R. shares, of which he is said to have made a good purchase when in Canada.

A goodly-sized audience attended the piano recital given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last by the eminent German pianist, Richard Burmeister. A well contrasted and very interesting programme was presented, which included Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, two Preludes by Chopin, Liszt's Pester Carnival, the pianist's concert arrangement of Weber's Invitation to the Dance, as well as two original compositions by the soloist of the evening, and several shorter works by Mendelssohn, Grieg, Mozkowski, and Santa's Ballade from the Flying Dutchman. Mr. Burmeister's playing of these numbers was artistic in the highest sense of the term. His execution of the Sonata was remarkably clear, every part sounding out with distinctness. Equally satisfactory was the tenderness of touch and expression developed in the Chopin preludes and Mendelssohn's On Wings of Song. His virtuosity and endurance was demonstrated in a very brilliant performance of the Liszt number, which was most enthusiastically received. The Wagner number should also be mentioned as one of his strongest efforts. His weakest number was, perhaps, Grieg's well known Bridal Procession. A fine Heintzmann & Co. concert grand, which was used during the evening, added much to the success of the pianist and the pleasure of the audience.

The song service given in Sherbourne street Methodist church on Monday evening by the efficient choir of the church, under Mr. Blakeley's direction, proved one of the most successful events of the kind ever held there. A number of choral novelties were rendered in good style by the choir, in which a good body of tone and due regard for expression were noticeable features of the choir's work. Solos were sung by Miss Della Ziegler, Miss Lillie Kleiser, Miss Lola Rouan, the Misses Paterson, and Messrs. Benrose, Murray and Parlier, all of whom were warmly received by the large audience present. A novel feature of the programme, and one which revealed Mr. Blakeley in a very favorable light as a composer, was a clever trio for flute, oboe and organ, in which Mr. Blakeley had the assistance of Mr. J. Churchhill Arlidge and Mr. Allen. The Sherlock Male Quartette also sang, and were, as usual, very enthusiastically applauded, the demand for an encore number not being acceded to in this as in several other numbers on the programme. Mr. Blakeley's organ solo, which opened the service, was one of the musical treats of the evening, and the service as a whole, whether regarded from the point of view of its interpretation, or from the standpoint of the music rendered, will be remembered as an artistic and impressive occasion.

Mr. Torrington is seriously considering the idea of organizing another musical festival upon the lines of the event of 1888, which was so successful financially that after paying all accounts, amounting to nearly \$15,000, a surplus of \$700, which has since increased to about \$1,000, was left in the hands of the treasurer. This amount should forthwith be placed at Mr. Torrington's disposal in the event of his undertaking another series of festival concerts. The farce of squabbling over its disposition has surely endured sufficiently long, and the idea of dividing the sum between various existing societies and endeavoring to arrange a festival in which all organized local choruses should take part independently, is too ridiculous to be seriously entertained. This journal has always held such a scheme to be unfeasible, notwithstanding the well meaning efforts of some of our best known music patrons to bring it about. It was owing largely to Mr. Torrington's personal efforts that the festival of 1888 was made a success, and it certainly seems peculiar, to say the least, that there should be any question about the disposition of the surplus which resulted on that occasion.

"English composers," says the London correspondent of the Musical Courier, "are going on strike, and are led by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who says he will not compose a novelty for another festival unless he is paid for it, like his Continental confreres. Humperdinck, who came to the Leeds Festival, received a fee for his work, as did all others from abroad. Sir Alexander Mackenzie falls to see why English composers should give so much time to the composition of a work that is merely looked upon by the authorities as a source of profit to the exchequer. The Norwich Festival, next October, has consequently run against a snag. The promoters contend that the advertising received through having a novelty performed at one of these national institutions is a means of bringing a composer prominently forward, thereby increasing the sale of his other works, on which he is supposed to receive a royalty

indirectly he thus reaps a financial reward. No great epoch-making work has been written by any Englishman for some time. Certainly a *chef d'œuvre* from the pen of a native composer would have a salutary effect upon English art."

Miss Norma Reynolds' success as a vocal teacher was emphasized on Tuesday evening last by a recital in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music by a number of her pupils. A programme of much interest and excellence was presented by the following pupils: Misses Dobson, Myers, Brown, Brimstin, Findlay, Wilcox, McTeagart, Martin, Slway, Richards, McNab, Power, and Messrs. Heffernan, McIntosh, Reburn and Beatty. Among the compositions rendered were songs by Mendelssohn, Von Suppe, Chaminade, Nevin, Goring Thomas, Macdowell and others. The singing of those taking part illustrated Miss Reynolds' thorough grasp of her subject, there being at all times apparent the effects of close attention to details of tone production, expression and style. Valuable assistance was rendered during the evening by Miss Fulton, solo violinist; Mr. Bridgman, solo organist; and Miss Schofield, elocutionist. A very large audience was in attendance.

The baseball editor of the Telegram is again on the warpath as an authority on church music and musicians, although, according to an admission made by him in an unguarded moment several days ago, he is able to recognize but two tunes—one of which being I Want to be an Angel, the second being something or other of which he had forgotten the name. He, therefore, conceives the idea that his musical comprehension is representative of that of the "masses" (may the Lord help them), and accordingly flounders about in occasional frantically literal on the subject of church music in behalf of that section of the community whose musical intelligence he thereby so cruelly misrepresents. If there is anything funnier than our well meaning friend's periphrastic blarney on the subject of music it is the doggerel drivel of the Shall We Gather at the River and Sweet Bye-and-Bye species, which he so wonderfully and ardently champions and snivel-overs from time to time.

On Monday evening last an excellent concert was given in West Association Hall by pupils and teachers of the Metropolitan School of Music. The programme introduced the following members of the faculty, namely: Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth, Miss Millie Evison, Miss Abbie M. Hlmer (pupil of the director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth) and Miss Bertha Rogers (pupil of Miss Jaffray). The following pupils also participated: Misses May Tomlinson, Mildred Walker, Katie L. Roberts, Sarah Crowther, Violet Wadsworth, Bessie Violet, Maggie Mitchell, Brie Mitchell, Minnie Claxton, Mildred Walker and Florence Galbraith. The work of the various performers, who represented the instrumental, vocal and elocutionary departments of the institution, was of an unusually high order and reflected most creditably upon teachers and pupils alike. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Peter C. Kennedy with excellent judgment and taste.

Mr. Ernest Humphries, a former pupil in organ playing of Mr. Torrington and in piano playing of Mr. Field and Herr Wichmayer, is doing a good work in Orillia, where he has a large class of piano pupils, and is organist and choir-master of St. James' Episcopal church. On Friday evening of last week a very successful invitation recital was given in the Orillia Opera House, the event being under the patronage of the mayor and aldermen of the town. Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, baritone, of Toronto, assisted, and the concert, both as regards the technical and musical proficiency of Mr. Humphries' pupils and the singing of Mr. Carnahan, was one of the most successful musical events of the kind ever given in the town.

At the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. Schuch, assisted by the organist, Mr. Walter H. Coles, will give a fine selection of music on Christmas Day. The choir has been reorganized since Mr. Schuch's acceptance of the choir-mastership and now numbers fifty-five carefully selected and efficient voices, and has been brought to a high degree of choral excellence, although less than three months have passed since the beginning of the new regime. Among the selections to be rendered are four of the most effective choruses from Handel's Messiah, besides appropriate works by Tozer, Stainer, Tallis, Mendelssohn, Hopkins, Schuch and others.

Her many Toronto friends will be pleased at the prospect of a brief visit to Ontario of Miss Edith J. Miller, the popular and talented contralto, who has been winning glowing opinions in New York and other United States cities. The Musical Courier of a recent date devoted a column to a most eulogistic sketch of this artist, who is referred to as "ranking as one of our greatest contralto singers." Miss Miller's forthcoming engagements in New York and elsewhere are of the first importance. She is to appear in Ottawa on January 12, and will no doubt afford her Toronto friends a chance to hear her before returning east.

A recital was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Monday evening of last week, in which the following pupils of the instrumental and vocal departments took part: Misses Hays, Heintzmann, Bastedo, Treblelock, Chattoe, Greenwood, Hilborn, Rowntree, Dudley, Campbell, Mrs. McFaul, Master Martin and Mr. Toppin. The success of the event reflected much credit upon the taking part and upon their teachers, and upon the directress of the college, Miss Via Macmillan.

Judging by the programmes which have been received by me, and which I regret I have not the space to insert, the Christmas music in our various churches to-morrow promises to be quite up to the usual standard obtaining at this season of the year. Selections from Handel's Mes-

siah will, as is the custom, be sung in most of the larger churches. At St. Michael's church Gounod's Messe Solennelle will be given by the choir under Mr. J. L. R. Richardson's direction.

Miss Rubina Preston, who has been spending the past three months in Connecticut, renewing friendships formed during her life in Germany and Austria, gave a pianoforte recital in one of the music halls at Hartford last week to an enthusiastic and fashionable audience, and was the recipient of hearty congratulations from musical critics on her playing. Miss Preston arrived in Toronto on Tuesday.

The excellent choir of St. Paul's church, Peterboro', under the able direction of Mr. John Crane, gave a most successful concert on Thursday evening of last week. Local papers describe the singing of the chorus, particularly in unaccompanied numbers, as equal in quality to anything of the kind which has ever been heard in that place. The choir had the assistance of Harold Jarvis of Detroit and Miss Fenwick of Toronto.

The attention of piano teachers is directed to two compositions entitled Two Little Songs Without Words, by Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., of the Conservatory of Music staff. The very careful manner in which these pieces, (which are published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Association), are edited, adapts them specially for the use of teachers in their work with young pupils.

Mrs. Kennedy (Miss Leonora James), who for years was a valued member and a leading soprano at Jarvis street Baptist church, and who has recently returned from New York, where she filled an appointment in a large Methodist church, has been engaged as leading soprano at Trinity Methodist church, in Mr. R. G. Kirby's choir.

The choir of Western Congregational church, Spadina avenue, will sing Finley Lyon's cantata, The Great Light, Christmas Sunday evening. This cantata offers special opportunities for a bright, helpful musical service appropriate to Christmas-tide.

Montreal papers speak in high terms of praise of the organ recitals which are being given in that city by Mr. Arthur Ingham, an English organist, who has many friends in Toronto.

Mr. W. F. Firth, vocal teacher at Toronto Junction College of Music, has been appointed choir-master of Queen street Methodist church.

Miss Minnie Hay, a former pupil of Mr. Sherlock, has been appointed director of the Presbyterian church choir in Listowel. MODERATO.

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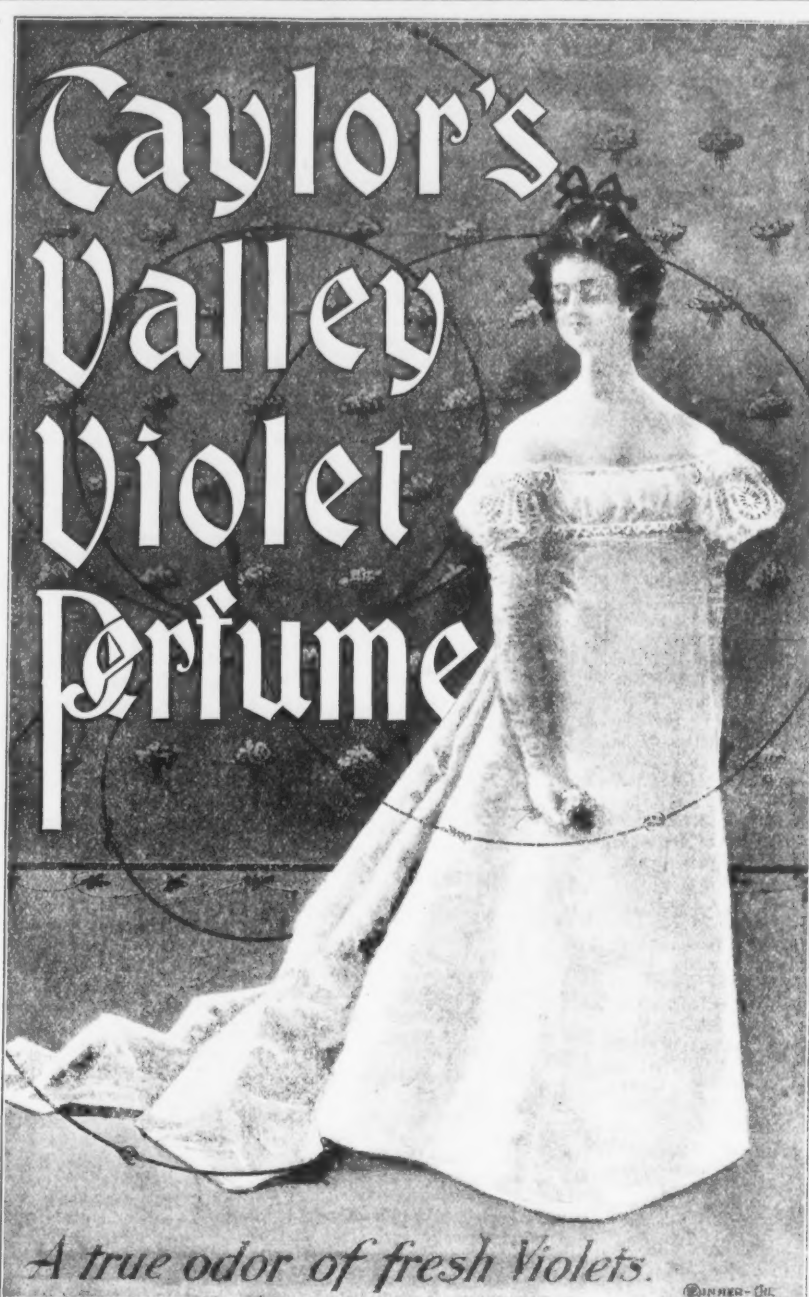
Social and Personal.

The dances of Wednesday evening divided society and distracted many young people who longed to be in two places at once. A very bright contingent tripped the hours away at Mr. Brock's fine residence in the Queen's Park, where Miss Muriel Brock's young friends were happily gathered and cordially received by the gentle little lady who is always an ideal hostess. Mrs. Brock was assisted by Miss Muriel, in a pretty pink frock, and everyone enjoyed the dance immensely. Very late arrivals, Mr. Harold and Mr. Oscar Bickford, who posted from the dance in the far West to be in time for a turn with their friends at the Queen's Park, were greeted with much pleasure, and bidden adieu with regret, for by this time they are, with Mrs. Bickford, on their way to England. Nothing lacked in the way of enjoyment at the dance of Wednesday; good music, a perfect home, and a family party skilled in the practice of the gentle art of pleasing combined to secure it, and a very congenial selection of guests made assurance doubly sure. Supper was served about midnight at small tables in the library, and was most *recherché*. An unusually good representation of the youthful beauty of Toronto was seen at this dance.

The Saturday afternoon meet of the Driving Club was more or less interfered with by the wedding and the large reception which pre-occupied society, but a nice little turnout swept through the streets, led by a couple of four-in-hands. The usual jolly dinner at the Hunt Club finished the week, one of the hosts, Mr. George Plunkett Magann, and his sweet little wife, having a very pretty company of young people. Mrs. Welford of Woodstock and the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton were visiting guests, each with their Toronto hosts.

The Mandarin was a thoroughly enjoyable morsel one night this week. The Hamilton Opera Company need not apologize for short-comings on the ground of being an amateur organization, because deficiencies were really and entirely in the background. The chorus, especially the feminine part of it, was strong and certain. The principals were all apparently natural-born actors, all had good voices, and except in one case entirely dispensed with the prompter's kind offices. Mrs. A. W. Palmer, as Ting Ling, acted most vividly and sang charmingly, as did Miss Raie Boehmer as Jessa. Mrs. R. W. Dumbrell made a very severe chaperone for the unfortunate Mandarin, who, in the person of Mr. James M. Kerr, was well acted and excellently sung. The tenor part, Hop Sing, was well sustained by Mr. Martin, his voice being of that lyric quality suitable to light opera. Mr. Spalding, as the Emperor, displayed a rich voice, though the part is not so prominent as the rank of emperor would suggest. "Billy" Ramsay, as Fan Tan, had most of the broad fun in his hands, and everyone who knows him will understand that the part didn't suffer in the handling. The scenery, costumes and stage effects were well up to what we have seen here with professional companies. The orchestra was enlarged and the whole production went with a vim that surprised those who have learned from bitter experience not to expect too much from amateurs. Toronto had better forget the old Hamilton "gag" as quickly as she can.

A young ladies' tea, which was remarkably bright and jolly, was given on Tuesday by Mrs. Matthews for her daughters, Misses Olive and Louie, two young belles of the season, who have been much admired since their coming-out. The buffet, presided over by Misses Amy Douglas, Bertha Macdougall, Helen Harris, Edith Jones, Kerr and Mara, was brilliant in



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A true odor of fresh Violets.

cerise ribbons, shades and carnations. A very smart assemblage, a few young married ladies, and a bevy of the prettiest girls in town were at this tea. That is a very pleasant house in Pembroke street where the clever Southern hostess and her fine-looking daughters reign supreme.

An engagement which will shortly be announced, between a leading musician and a very charming girl, is being quietly talked over in a good many quarters.

On Friday of last week Mrs. Matthews gave a very charming luncheon to a number of her girl friends, in honor of her guests, the Misses Bucke of New Orleans. The table was a picture, done in pink roses, a huge basket in the center, and around it were seated a gathering hard to excel in *chic* and sweetness. Radiant and full of fun, Mrs. Riddell played assistant hostess, opposite Mrs. Matthews,

There Is a Difficulty

In selecting a suitable gift book There are so many to choose from that people get bewildered. The following, however, are among those that you cannot make a mistake in buying:

For Your Sweetheart

THE FOREST OF ARDEN, by Hamilton W. Mabie, \$2.25; or
THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, by James Lane Allen, \$2.50.
BOTH OF THEM EDITIONS DE LUXE.

For a Boy

The gift *par excellence* is
WILD ANIMALS THAT I HAVE KNOWN, by Ernest Seton Thompson, \$2.00. (Everybody, though, is interested in this book.)

For Your Thoughtful or Poetic Friends!

A CRITICAL STUDY OF IN MEMORIAM, by John M. King, D.D., \$1.25; or
CYRANO DE BERGERAC, by Edmond Rostand, 50 cents.
Sold by all Booksellers or send postpaid on receipt of price by

GEORGE N. MORANG, - Publisher, Toronto.

and the girls were: Misses Kingsmill, Sheila Macdougall, Bessie Hees, Toine Plumb, Osler, Rose, Brouse, Whitney, Maude Dwight, Macdonell and the Misses Bucke. Covers were laid for fourteen.

At the Royal Canadian Yacht Club hall the guests noted the excellence of the wine, which was exclusively G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry.

Mr. Wright Huntington, the new leading man at the Princess Theater, is proving the best leading man the Cummings Stock Company has yet had. He is quite the ideal leading man in appearance and is a thoroughly finished and capable actor, his portrayal of Billings in Too Much Johnson showing him to be quite at home in comedy, and this will enable Manager Cummings to present during the balance of the season quite a better class of high-class comedies and plays, which were impossible to present with the old company. The Cummings Company, as it appears in Too Much Johnson this week, is stronger than it has been before, and next week should appear to splendid advantage in Roland Reed's screamingly funny comedy, Lend Me Your Wife. This will be the first time that one of Roland Reed's comedies has ever been given by anyone except Mr. Reed himself, yet the successful production a few weeks ago of Peaceful Valley, which had previously been done exclusively by Mr. Russell, has shown Toronto theater-goers that these plays can be done, and done well, without the stars who have always been connected with them, equally well staged, just as satisfactorily presented, and at a much smaller price of admission. Lend Me Your Wife is considered quite the best of the Reed comedies, and will be capably presented with Mr. Wright Huntington as Dick Easly, Mr. Glazier as Bunting, Mr. Grady as Capt. Tarbox, and others. It will be an excellent Christmas bill.

Mrs. M. Edwin Quigley of 613 Spadina avenue entertained a number of friends to an At Home on Wednesday, December 14. Mrs. Quigley receives the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston are spending Christmas with Mr. Houston's parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Houston of Niagara Falls.

The dance of next week is the Grenadiers' first assembly, which takes place next Thursday evening. These dances have long been among the most enjoyable of the season.

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PRICES:
Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.
Good set, \$4.
22k Gold Crowns \$5.
Gold Fillings \$1 up.
Silver Fillings 75c.
Teeth without Plate, \$5.

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Order before noon on Saturday to ensure delivery.

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719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

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and the public generally a very merry Christmas and a continuance of their patronage the coming year.

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Second Annual **Concert**
MASSEY HALL, DEC. 28

The following artists will take part:

Miss Frances World, Miss Ida McLean, Miss Maud Snarr, Miss Gertrude Black, Miss Annie Richardson, Sig. Gonzalez, Mr. A. Sturrock, Mr. E. Knowles, Mr. W. N. Shaver, Mr. B. P. Blaney, Mr. Geo. R. Josephs, Mr. Bert Harvey, Mr. Geo. Fox, Toronto Male Quartette, the 'Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, Miss Henrietta Shippe, Accompanist.

Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 10 cents extra. Plan open at Massey Hall on the 23rd at 8 a.m. Tickets for sale at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Yonge Street, and Wm. Leary & Co., Yonge Street.

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HENRY A. TAYLOR

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REGULAR MATINEES TUESDAY THURSDAY SATURDAY

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 The Most **ARTISTIC** in Canada

Jimmy—You'd better be good, or Santa Claus won't bring you anything for Christmas.
 Billy—Yes ; but if I'm good pa and ma 'll begin givin' me medicine.

HOME EVIDENCE

Mrs. W. Peel, 917 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, says: My son William, aged 19, had all the symptoms of nasal catarrh, containing of the mucus he was "choking up" and stoppage in the nasal passages. I saw Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure was being distributed and gladly procured a box. I can say without exaggeration that the remedy is a wonderful cure, for since using but one box the above mentioned symptoms disappeared, and he is as well as ever. I am very glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure 25 cents a box, blower free. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The
Art
Gallery ✻ 96 Yonge St.

The friends of the late Harold Frederic, the novelist, have appealed to the public in behalf of his widow and children, who were left without resources by his death. The English royalties on Mr. Frederic's copyrights are heavily mortgaged. The committee to manage the fund includes Herbert Asquith, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Dike, Conan Doyle and J. M. Barrie.

Father and Son, by Arthur Paterson, a new story that has just finished as a serial in the *Illustrated London News*, has been received. It is an attempt at a

Studio and Gallery

WHETHER this city, regarded from a purely commercial standpoint, is steadily growing wealthier or not is a question outside the range of this column. Probably it may be regarded as a question quite beyond the feminine capacity to compute. This, however, we are assured of, that every year sees added wealth in some elements which are of far superior quality to commercialism and which make more truly and certainly for real greatness. We are, for instance, gradually accumulating art wealth, both in tangible possessions and the intangible and spiritual force which produces these possessions. Of this valuable element we have had recently in the art knowledge, experience and talent brought to us in the persons of Miss Laura Muntz and Miss M. Hawley, a very important addition. Miss Muntz took out of this country some five or six years ago a comparative capital of genius, which she invested in Paris in serious study, and which she returns to us with good measure of interest. The important question to her and to her equally gifted companion, Miss Hawley, who accompanies her, is, I take it, are we prepared to utilize the wealth they have brought us? If not, can we afford to lose it? There is a withholding, indeed, in civic life which tendeth to poverty. Artists in this new land have concerned themselves almost entirely with the easel picture. It has been necessary for them so to do. Indeed, we have come almost to think art exhausts itself in the easel picture, so little of the larger and broader art of decoration have we found need for. It may be we have over-produced in easel paintings. In its beginnings art was employed to decorate, to make beautiful and instructive necessary objects. Kenyon Cox is responsible for saying that it may be soon again, that artist will be considered greatest who excels in decoration. Certainly those centers where art thrives best to-day are beginning to be much concerned about decoration and civic art.

Now, although the young ladies referred to have qualities which make it easy for them to produce artistic easel paintings, there is greater and broader work within reach of both. Miss Muntz, who confines herself almost exclusively to oils, has had her portrait on the wall of a French salon. For her figure subjects she has received honorable mention from the same source, an honor, by the way, given for the first time to a foreign lady. Reproductions of some of her works have appeared in some of the best Continental art magazines. She has had the honor of forming the first life class for women alone, in Paris. The ancient and honorable Academie Colarossi recognized this service by granting her free tuition, and she possesses a medal from this same institution. Miss Hawley, who was one of the

original projectors of the New York Water Color Society, and a vice-president of the Students' Art League there, has also a medal from the Academie Colarossi, in which school she was a teacher, another honor given for the first time to a lady. Her works have also been reproduced in leading art journals. She confines herself to water-colors, and is particularly excellent in figure subjects, notably the nude and still life.

"Michael Angelo," says Ruskin, "bids you follow his phantoms into the abyss of heaven, but a modern French painter drops his hero out of the picture frame." The quality of reticence is not a conspicuous feature. In the work of Miss Muntz are plainly visible the qualities essential to mural decoration. Broad, flat masses of color; simple, harmonious, a truly decorative effect and feeling permeates it all. She is essentially womanly in her conceptions, excelling most in figures of women and children. The work of mural decoration is many-sided, and there may be mechanical difficulties which we are not accustomed to consider woman's forte, yet though tradition and critics are contrary, we venture to predict a future for these young ladies as mural decorators if they get an opportunity of using their talents.

The use of children as subjects for decoration is greatly on the increase. What excellent subjects they make! One of the conspicuous features of the great Berlin annual exhibition is the decorative work of Frau Cornelia Pazka, consisting of two large panels entitled Music and Dancing, intended for the decoration of a music salon. Miss Hawley has in hand a classical composition. There is a large field in Toronto for decorative work in the homes, the schools, public buildings, and we hope many of these will soon be made more beautiful, more interesting by the addition of some of the decorations of Miss Muntz and Miss Hawley.

J. W. L. Forster is engaged at present in reproducing on canvas the figure of Toronto's late Mayor, Mr. Warring Kennedy. At last accounts he was trying to work some sentiment into the official garb—fancy! and trying to put the Mayor on a proper art basis. He might extend his benevolent labors to the present Mayor and Council, and put them on a proper art basis, so that the suitable and necessary decoration of the new civic home may be considered a legitimate subject for their serious consideration. This present portrait is to adorn the City Hall inside, and is a very faithful transcript of the features and figure of Mr. Kennedy.

An amusing instance of the extent to which a realistic artist may satisfy himself is given in a little story told by W. P. Frith, R.A. It concerns an artist of the name of Wilkins, who had acquired a reputation which seemed greater to him than to anyone else. He painted a number of pictures of dead game, which received considerable praise. Among them was a group of dead rabbits. These rabbits a critic commended in Wilkins' hearing as "remarkably true to Nature." "Nature, sir!" replied the artist, in his most pompous manner. "Yes! I flatter myself there is more Nature in those rabbits than you usually see in rabbits!"

In W. Atkinson's collection of water-colors are two delightful moonlight scenes—one with the flush of hardly departed day, yet giving subdued and delicate color, with a glint of moon-lit water in the background; the other colder and full of the silvery light of the moon, now in full view. Several scenes in Wales are also charming.

Miss M. Lennox's exhibition was very successful. Her work has much improved since her stay in New York, under the tuition of Mr. Marshall Fry.

Miss L. O. Adams continues her exhibit to-day. Her work is characterized by simplicity of design and delicacy of color, two good features of china decoration. She has numerous little articles reasonable in price and very pretty.

With a view to affording Colonial artists an opportunity of introducing their work to the notice of the Mother Country, the editor of *The Studio*, the well known Magazine of Fine and Applied Art (5 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London), is offering prizes for a competition open exclusively to artists and art students residing in the British Colonies and dependencies. Particulars of the conditions of the competition will be found in the December number of the Magazine.

In the street car. First artist—Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used. Second artist (in a hoarse whisper)—Well,

I was at B's yesterday. He had just knocked off three little girls' heads, horribly raw things, when a dealer came in, sir; bought 'em directly; took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretcher, and wanted him to let him have some more next week. Old lady (shrieking)—Conductor, stop the car and let me get out.—*Ex.* JEAN GRANT.

ALAS, POOR JACK!

A Dolly Dialogue.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

SCENE: A toy-shop.
TIME: Christmas Eve.

He—Ella!
She (turning)—You here? Of all places!
He—Of all places for us to meet after—
She—After five months without a glimpse of each other.
He—I would have been thankful for even a glimpse—of you. I have been living a wretched—
She—Don't you think this is a beautiful doll?
He—You know I don't like blondes!
She—This is a doll.
He—All blonde women are dolls to me.
She—Well, at least, this doll is a fair subject for conversation. I want your opinion of her as a doll.
He—I am prejudiced. Besides, I want to talk about—
She—Aren't you buying dolls? I am sure you were gazing at this one most admiringly.
He—No, it was this dark one. I was commissioned by my sister to buy three. I have chosen these.
She—All dark ones!
He—You see, I am constant and consistent—even in dolls.
She—Your sister will bless you! You had better take one fair doll, anyway.
He—To illustrate the superiority of the dark ones? Now, don't you think we can let the dolls—
Floor-walker—Are you being attended to?
She—Thanks, yes. Here is a fair one that I am sure must soften your stony heart. And she is so exquisitely dressed.
He—My stony heart! Well, if you are quite determined that this shall be simply a dolly dialogue—(aside) What the devil is that fellow with the black beard staring over here for?
She—A dolly dialogue? That suggests hope, doesn't it?
Shopgirl—Are you being served, sir?
He—Capitally, thank you. You have the heart of—of a fair doll, Ella. Do you think I can stand here, seeing you for the first time since that last night on the lake, and talk of nothing but dolls? (Aside) Confound that fellow! I'll go over there and pull his black beard!
She—You are doing splendidly! You know, I have to superintend the dressing of a Christmas tree. Won't you help me?
He—You know very well—
She—Will you, really? And we want a Santa Claus; will you—
He—I think I draw the line at Santa Claus. (Aside) Curse that chap! He doesn't seem to mind my stare a bit. I believe he's grinning at that black beard of his!
She—For the children's sake.
He—For your sake. Do you know who that man is over there by the tin toys? There, he's looking this way now—that dark-skinned man with the black beard. Oh, you do know him! (Aside) By Jove! She smiles at him as if she owns him!
She—Why—I thought—I thought you knew—
He (With a sudden cold thrill)—Knew what?
She—Why—that—that—I thought you had seen it in the paper—
He—You don't mean, Ella—you can't mean. No, don't bring him over! I am going. But at least you need not have played with me! You knew that I cared for you ever since that first afternoon—
She—Don't be absurd! You don't understand. Ah, here he is! Jack, this is Mr. Hamilton; my brother Jack.
Man with the black beard—Glad to meet you, Mr. Hamilton!
"Mr. Hamilton"—Awfully glad to meet you, old chap!
Man with the black beard (In his black beard)—By George, I thought so!
She—Jack has been in the wilderness of Australia for the past five years, you know. Jack, see that they parcel these up, like a dear boy, will you? I'll take them in the sleigh.
He—Five years? I've been in the wilderness of despair for the past five months, and that has been a lifetime.
She—Then you will help me with the tree? I'll get Jack to be Santa Claus. His beard, with a little flour, will do capitally!
He—Oh, capitally! Ella, what is my answer to be?
She—Come to-morrow and see. I'll put it on the Christmas tree, and you shall have it from Santa Claus—in a nutshell.

"DRY ROYAL"

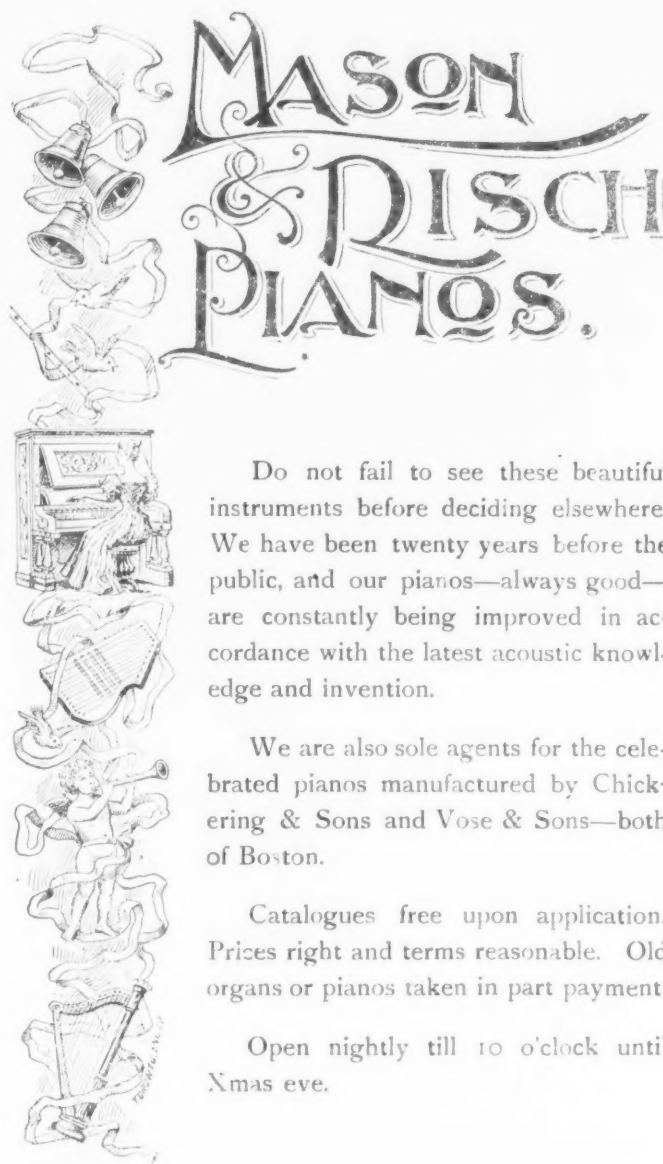
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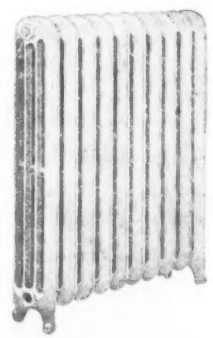
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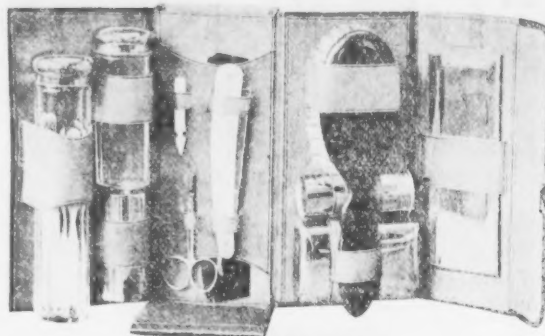
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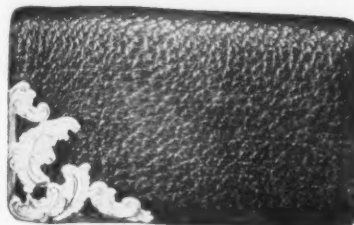


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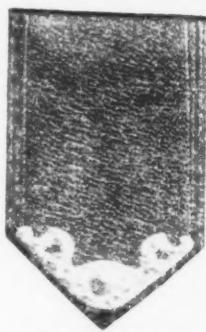
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In Fancy Leather, with Waxed Paper. Price 35c.
- Match Cases
In Fine Leathers. Price 50c.
- Game Counters
In Real Alligator Cases. Price 25c.
- Tobacco Pouches
In Antelope Leather. Prices \$1.50 to \$2
- Drinking Cups
In Leather Cases. Prices 50c. and 60c
- Dog Whips
With Collars. Prices \$1 to \$2
- Jewel Cases
In Fine Leathers. Prices \$2 to \$12
- Music Holders
Prices 75c. to \$6



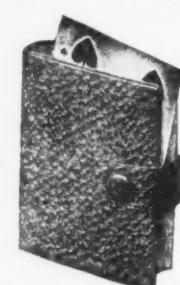
The Very Latest in
Fancy Alligator
Genuine Monkey
Genuine Seal

LADIES' POCKET-BOOKS

Real Morocco
Crushed Morocco
Koodoo
Prices from 50c. to \$5.00



TICKET HOLDERS
Prices from 10c. to 50c. Each



PLAYING-CARD CASES
Complete with Gold-edged
Cards and Markers.
Single, \$1.00 and \$1.25
Double, \$2.00 and \$2.50

We have the largest and most varied assortment of Traveling Goods in Canada



GENTLEMEN'S CLUB BAGS
In Natural Grain, Black, Russet and Olive Leathers.
At All Prices

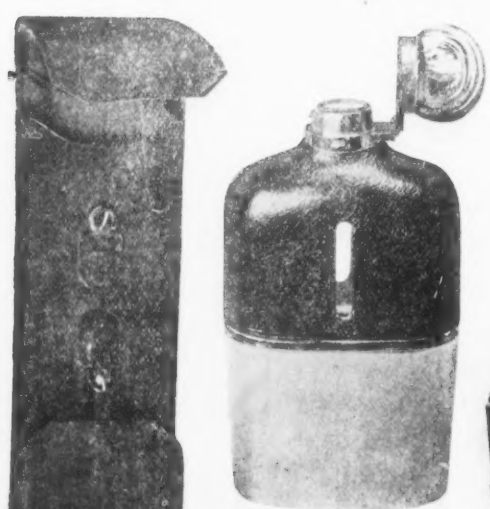
Our Illustrated Catalogue

Of 64 PAGES Mailed Free on Request

Will aid you in selecting

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Articles sent prepaid to address on receipt of price.



FLAT COLLAR & CUFF CASES
Prices from \$1.50 to \$1.00



DRESSING BAGS
Prices \$12.00 to \$60.00

THE BON MARCHE

SALE OF HOLIDAY GOODS. Specials for This Week and Next

Thousands of Dollars' worth of Toys, Games and all articles suitable for Christmas Gifts will be sacrificed—they must go—no matter what the loss.

Handkerchiefs

For the Million! We purchased for our Christmas trade in one lot
2000 DOZENS
surprising value in Ladies' Fine Embroidered Linen Lawn Handkerchiefs, up-to-date patterns—a useful Xmas gift.
At 10c. worth 20c.
At 12c. worth 25c.
At 15c. worth 30c.
At 20c. worth 40c.
A good line also at 5c.

Silk Underskirt

A very useful Xmas present for a lady is a lovely
Lady's Fine Silk and Wool Umbrella
Look! \$1.00 worth \$1.75
Also—\$1.25 worth \$2.50
better lines up to \$5.00 each.

On Sale This Week and Next over

500 Ladies' Cloth Jackets

In various colors—some unlined and many with beautiful silk lining. What more useful present for your wife, your daughter or a friend? Our prices are reduced as follows:

At \$3.50 regular \$5.00
At \$4.50 regular \$7.50
At \$9.00 regular \$14.50
At \$12.00 regular \$16.50

Also Misses and Children's reduced in same proportion.

Headquarters for Ladies' Kid Gloves

500 pairs of Fine French Kid Gloves in Tans and Black. This was a good selling line at 75c., but you can buy them now for

49c. 75c.

Ladies' Beautiful Lined Derby Kid Gloves in Tans, Browns or Ox Blood. Our usual price \$1.35 but this Xmas only

75 Ladies' Lovely Silk Blouses

At \$3.00 worth \$5.00
At \$1.50 worth \$2.00
All the fashionable up-to-date styles.

TAKE NOTE.—Our Store will be open Friday and Saturday Nights.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO., - 7 AND 9 KING ST. EAST

Social and Personal.

The following notice, which has caused many a smile, may be particularly a comfort to the owners of the articles enumerated, for which reason, as well as for its intrinsic worth, I lay it before my readers:

Oyez, oyez! Be it known unto all of them that do frequent the halls of Government House that the following varied articles have been found therein, in pursuance whereof the following list has been prepared. Enquire of Commander Law, and God save the Queen:
One pair black stockings.
One "royal arms" enamelled brooch.
Two black veils.
One pale-blue shoe buckle.
One black visiting bag, lined with old-gold silk.
One gold stud.

A very pretty tea was given by Mrs. S. S. McDonnell last week for the bride-elect, and her young friends flocked to see her and bid her good-bye, with many good wishes for her happiness. Not a shadow of regret at parting marred the merry hour, for the girl friend lost meant the married friend gained, and there is decided gain, in more ways than one, when one's girl friends develop into chaperones and hostesses. Mrs. McDonnell and the bride-elect received, a handsome pair, the mother in black and heliotrope, relieved with white; Miss McDonnell in white organdie with insertions of Valenciennes. Miss Chadwick, Miss Annie Bain and the Misses McWilliams were in charge of the buffet, which was prettily done in pink, with carnations and ribbons.

The Skating Club had their first meet on Monday last and had some good skating. A curious feat was performed by some of the members, who calmly skated all the way home on the ice-encrusted sidewalks.

Mr. J. B. Fuller is spending Christmas and New Year in New York and Newark. Mrs. Alfred Denison is spending Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Sudys, in Chatham. Word comes to Toronto and Christmas greetings from two clever young fellows, Arthur J. Stringer, who is now in New York, and Cameron Nelles Wilson, down in Carolina, the one an ex-Varsity student and the other an ex-Trinity man.

Mrs. W. S. Lee and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie are going south next month for the benefit of Mrs. Michie's health.

Mrs. Reginald A. Carter of Montreal and her two little daughters are spending their Christmas holiday in the city. Mrs. Carter is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson, at the Rossin House.

Miss Beatrice Pearson has returned from Montreal, where she is a resident student at "Trafalgar," to spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson. She will be a welcome guest of her numerous young friends.

Business Not Laborious.

ONE of the features of street life in Paris which strikes the American visitor with wonder is the extraordinary number of men of leisure to be seen at all hours of the day, lounging and chatting in the cafes. The fact is that many of them are employees of one kind or another, but their hours of labor are very different from those that prevail in America. The young French clerk or book-keeper would throw up his position, even though such an act meant bread and water for years to come, if his employer dared to import what are becoming known on the Continent as "American methods." He wants to come down to his work certainly not earlier than nine o'clock—it is often ten that finds him before his desk—and if his two hours at noon are abridged by the smallest quarter-hour, sickness and surlyness are the sequel. In positions just a grade above his the incumbents stroll in at ten, lunch from noon to any hour they please, and never stay later than five o'clock at their offices. The cafes are full, at all hours of the day, with prosperous men whose conversation shows them to be engaged in what even the blue-blooded Frenchman is beginning to mention respectfully as "la commerce." These "merchants"—every business man here is a "merchant"—ruminate over their affairs in the shade of a cafe awning instead of

behind the forbidding railing of a private office. Immaculate boots, spotless linen, and highly polished top-hat—all proclaim that they do not, by any means, give all their time to "business." Even in the large department stores such a thing as a clerk working overtime or curtailing his midday meal for any purpose whatsoever has never been heard of. In the store, clerks and accountants are obliged to attend to their monotonous but never hurried duties. The moment a certain gong strikes they don their glossy high hats, change their short coats for the courtly length required on the boulevards, and immediately seek their favorite restaurant or cafe, where they become gentlemen of leisure, "rentiers," and talk of political affairs or the last salon, with highly judicial air and critical eye, as if there were not yards of ribbon and silk waiting for their hands during the afternoon.

The Proper Defense.

New York Life.

An officer whose war record was somewhat shady, largely owing to his excellent judgment in selecting trees that were impenetrable, was finally roasted to the point of trying to make a defense. Collecting all the newspaper articles that reflected on his courage, and securing copies of the statements furnished to the investigating committee appointed to deal with just such cases as his, he took them to a prominent lawyer and asked to have proceedings instituted to prosecute his detractors for libel and slander. The lawyer took over the papers, and promising to examine them, told his prospective client to call again in a couple of days. When the officer called, the lawyer handed him back his papers, with the remark:

"I have examined this matter carefully, and I don't think anything would be gained by beginning a series of libel suits. The charges made against you regarding your conduct in that battle are so circumstantial and backed by so many affidavits that I can't see what you could do to disprove them."

"Then you don't intend to help me punish the men who have vilified me," said the officer, hotly.

"I can't. As far as that battle is concerned you have no ground for a libel suit; but," he smiled a smile that had nothing of hero worship in it, "you have a splendid chance to prove an *adibi*."

Nerves and Food.

Sir Henry Thompson, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, makes the following remarks upon the altered diet which has become necessary, owing to the extraordinary changes affecting man in every rank of life and his surroundings in all parts of the civilized world, which have taken place during the last sixty years: "It is difficult—perhaps impossible—for the present generation to realize the contrast presented in respect of the demand now made on man's activity, especially that of his brain, during, say, the last thirty or forty years, with that which was required by the routine of life as it was in the 'thirties.' The wear and tear of existence has enormously increased, and the demand for rapid action and intense exertion by the nervous system is certainly tenfold greater now, to make a moderate estimate, than it was then. A railway appeared in the first year of the decade named; the penny post and the electric telegraph not until its close; while the press, both daily and weekly, now gigantic, was then, by comparison, insignificant and diminutive. For the great majority, even of business men, life was tranquil and leisure plentiful, while competition was almost unknown; I need not attempt to describe what it is now. Such changes have naturally been the cause of permanent injury to many whose powers suffered for the quiet time, but gave way in large and increasing number under the inevitable struggle which issues in 'the survival of the fittest.' The necessary result of this extreme demand for brain activity, since that organ is the sole source of energy on which all the functions of the body, including that of digestion, depend, is an insufficient supply for this important process. Under these circumstances nothing can be more important than to provide food of a kind and in a form which will economize the work of the stomach. It must not be bulky; much of it may be advantageously soluble in form so as to be rapidly and easily assimilated, even pre-digested sometimes, and when solid not requiring much mastication. I have found nothing which fulfils these conditions so completely as the various concentrated extracts of meat which are now so extensively used. A teaspoonful of sound beef-extract in a breakfast-cup of hot water when the brain is fatigued and the stomach unfit for work is often the best antidote possible, reinvigorates the system, and prepares it for a light meal or for a little more work, as the case may be—a result far too frequently sought through the pernicious habit of obtaining temporary relief in a glass of wine or spirit."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WILLIAMSON—In Port Hope, on Saturday, December 17, 1898, the wife of N. Williamson—a son.
McKAY—Ingersoll, Dec. 12, Mrs. McKay—a daughter.
WELLS—Dec. 8, Mrs. G. A. Wells—a daughter.
GALE—Nov. 20, Mrs. T. A. Gale—a son.
ALEXANDER—Bowmanville, Dec. 18, Mrs. J. W. Alexander—a daughter.

Marriages.

HARDING—BROTHERHOOD—Montreal, Dec. 14, Robert Talbot Harding to Ethel Louise Brotherhood.
HUBBARD—CHANCE—Dec. 20, John Andrew Hubbard to Ethel Harriette Chance.
MAGEE—WEST—Dec. 20, William Hunter Knox Magee to Ethel West.
WALLIS—McRAE—Dec. 20, Rev. William Wallis to Agnes M. McKee.
DAVIS—FOSTER—Winnipeg, Dec. 15, Malcolm E. Davis to Edith Foster.
JACKSON—BROWN—Dec. 11, George H. Jackson to Carrie J. Brown.
CHURCH—FLEMINGTON—Kinsdale, Dec. 11, Henry Warrington Church to Gertrude Flemington.
DOUGLAS—COLDHAM—Dec. 17, William Murray Douglas to Eleanor Constance Coldham.
FRASER—TAYLOR—Dec. 17, James H. Fraser to Alicia J. Taylor.

Deaths.

WOOD—Ingersoll, Dec. 15, Thos. Wood, aged 32.
McKOWAN—Bowmanville, Dec. 16, Wm. McKowan, aged 61.
KING—Cobourg, Dec. 19, Benj. Owen King, aged 81.
SHOREY—Montreal, Dec. 15, Leila Shorey.
McMASTER—Sarnia, Dec. 18, J. H. McMaster.
NEILSON—Ayr, Dec. 18, Mary Allan Neilson, aged 62.
MORRISON—Jane Morrison, aged 79.
RYAN—Georgetown, Dec. 18, Charles Ryan, aged 60.
GADDIS—Dec. 19, Richard S. Gaddis, aged 82.
GRANVILLE—Woodville, Dec. 18, Donald Grant, aged 73.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S RATES

Red in Tickets will be sold as follows:

GENERAL PUBLIC:
Single First-Class Fare, going Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th; returning Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th, 1898; going Dec. 31st, 1898, and Jan. 1st and 2nd, 1899; returning until Jan. 3rd, 1899.
Single First-Class Fare and One Third, going Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th; returning until Dec. 28th, 1898; going Dec. 30th, 31st, 1898, and Jan. 1st, 1899; returning until Jan. 4th, 1899.

TEACHERS and STUDENTS

(On surrender of Certificate signed by Principal.)
Single First-Class Fare and One Third, going Dec. 10th to 31st, 1898; returning until Jan. 18th, 1899.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, S. S. Marie, Windsor and East, to and from S. S. Marie, Mich. and Detroit, Mich.; and to, but not from Suspension Bridge, N.Y., and Buffalo, N.Y.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

(On presentation of Commercial Travelers' Railway Certificates.)
Single First-Class Fare, going Dec. 17th to 26th, 1898; returning until Jan. 4th, 1899.
Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, S. S. Marie, Windsor and East.

C. E. McPHERSON, A.G.P.A.,
1 King St. East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

For CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS, 1898-99

Will issue return tickets between all stations in Canada: From all stations in Canada to Detroit and Port Huron. From all stations in Canada to, but not from, Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y. From Detroit and Port Huron to stations in Canada, but not east of Hamilton and Canfield Jct. on lines to Buffalo.

GENERAL PUBLIC:

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, going Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, tickets good returning from destination not later than Dec. 27th, 1898; also on Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st and 2nd, tickets good returning from destination not later than Jan. 3, 1899.
SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE and ONE THIRD, going Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, returning from destination not later than Dec. 28th, 1898; also on Dec. 30th and 31st and Jan. 1st, good returning from destination not later than Jan. 4, 1899.

TEACHERS and PUPILS on surrender of standard certificate:

SINGLE FARE and ONE THIRD, going Dec. 10th to 31st inclusive, good returning from destination not later than Jan. 18th, 1899.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS on presentation of certificate:
Between all stations in Canada, SINGLE ORDINARY FARE from Dec. 17th to 26th inclusive, good to return from destination not later than Jan. 4th, 1899.
Tickets and all information from any Agent of Grand Trunk Ry. System.
M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.